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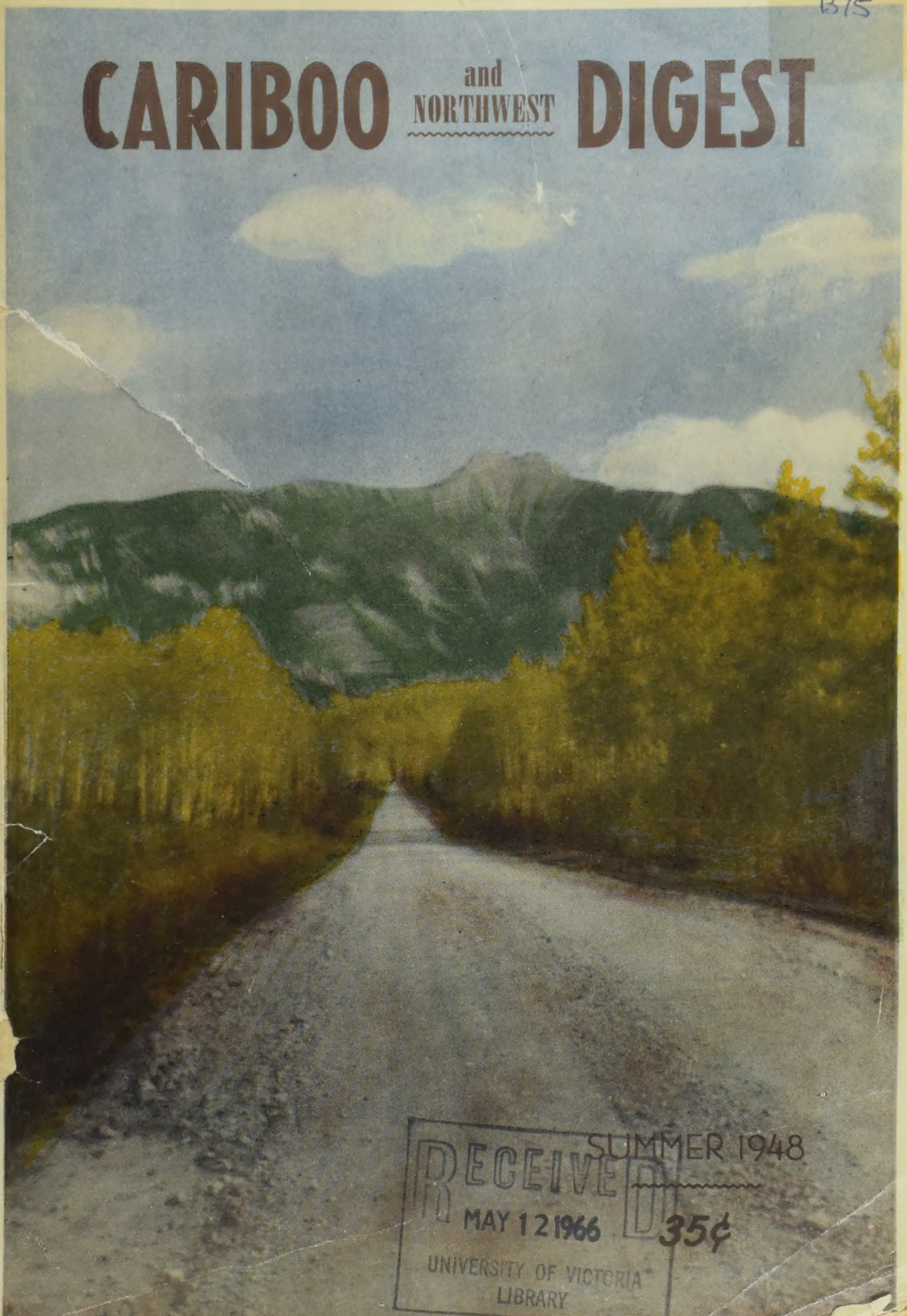

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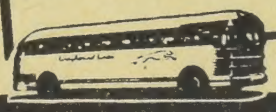

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A Couple of Cariboo Heifers Amok in Vancouver

by W.D. MORRIS

They were having a whale of a time. Everything was strange and new but, like all Caribooians, were taking all in their stride, and to every outward appearance, as nonchalantly as the most seasoned traveller. The latter, of course, was for the benefit of any casual observer, but to one who probed beneath a flambuoyant exterior, it could safely be guessed that these two girls from the north were aquiver with awe and excitement of civilization at its zenith.

Vancouver offered many strange and fearful spectacles. Take, for instance those huge red things rushing up and down every street in the city. These monsters did not have legs nor eat hay as did old Topsy back on the ranch, nor did they have wheels like Pa's Model T. No. These infernal things seemed to be suspended by a fishing pole affair with a little wheel on the end, from a crazy tangle of wires all over the danged town. How the two girls, Sally and Bee, knew the contraptions didn't eat hay was because of the blue sparks they saw coming out of the end of the fishing pole near the wires. The danged things were fire-eaters. They were man-killers too, because every time Sally and Bee tried to cross the street, three or four of these big red brutes raced to see who could get them first. When the girls were on the sidewalk, nothing happened, except for the occasional trampling from a hurrying mob, but let Sally and Bee set foot on the street, and the bush-whacking began. *continued on page 129*

Billboard Fund

When the idea of erecting two large billboards (one at Cache Creek and the other at Prince George) was first proposed, it was generally agreed by interested parties from Clinton to Prince Rupert that it was an excellent idea, and that an effort should be made to have the signs erected in time for the 1948 tourist year.

In the twelve months since last July, exactly $152.00 has been donated to the fund, and an additional $435.00 *promised*. On the strength of the promised amount being sent in promptly following the call for such funds in our Spring issue, the contractors were told to go ahead with the sign.

As we go to press the large billboard (10 by 25 feet) for Cache Creek is completed ready for lettering and transporting to the proposed site....*but owing to the fact that only $10.00 has been sent in since our Spring issue appeared in April.... work on the sign has been stopped.....*

If you are interested in the future of the tourist business in Cariboo and North Central B.C. - sit down now and mail in your contribution to Cariboo Digest Ltd., Quesnel, B.C. - and the sign may be up before the Fall Hunting Season.

Attention Trappers!

A complete account of the activities of the past year of the B.C. Registered Trappers Association, reported on by the association's president, Eric Collier, will appear in the Fall issue of this magazine.

The Cover

The cover photo is a reproduction of an actual color photograph taken in the vicinity of McBride, B.C., by Mr. Fraser Taggart, and is an excellent illustration of the type of scenery along the route that will some day be Canada's No. 1 trans-continental highway.

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Quesnel, British Columbia

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REGISTERED TRAPPERS ASSOCIATION

Managing Editor, A. Sahonovitch,
Assistant Editor V. H. Frank,
Contributing Editors;
Eric Collier J. A. Fraser

- Contents -

CAT TRACKS	7
TRUCKING IS BIG BUSINESS	11
ROADS OF B.C.	14
BOWRON COAL	18
TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY SYSTEM	27
CARIBOO DUTCHIE	30
VALIENT JEAN	44
VANDERHOOF's BIRD SANCTUARY	50
MOVING OF FT. GEORGE INDIANS	52
LEGEND OF THE LAKE	58
WHY LAMBAST THE FARMER	64
PACK TRIP INTO YESTERDAY	69
COUNTRY OF THE BABINES	81
RURAL EDUCATION	89
MAIL HAUL AT SIX	95
The ''KEE BIRD''	98
TRAIL OF '98	100

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A LETTER to the SPORTSMAN

Dear Mr. Sportsman:

You've probably heard (and told) some whopping good fishing stories in your time. And lots of them probably had to do with the lakes and streams of British Columbia. Now don't jump to conclusions...we're not going to spoil your fun (being fishermen ourselves). As a matter of fact - with a perfectly straight face, and no tongue in cheek - we'll back you up by stating that in our opinion those yarns of yours... well, most of them, anyway...are absolute gospel.

And that's what thousands of motorist-fishermen are going to discover for themselves this season. Aided by Standard of B.C. Travel Service, they're going to explore this fabulous fishing country of ours.

They've heard about the 30-pound spring salmon to be caught in bays and gulfs along the coast...about hungry trout in deep blue inland lakes...about fighting tyees in shallow, fast-running waters. And they're going to find that all these fishermen's stories are true. They weren't exaggerated one finny pound...one fighting minute. They'll find that British Columbia fishing is every bit as good as sportsmen from here to Halifax say it is.

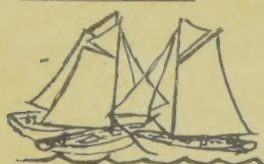
Wherever love of good fishing takes them they'll be able to make a pleasant stop at one of the more than three hundred Chevron Gas Stations in the Province, where their friendly Chevron dealer will do everything he can to make their trip more enjoyable - more memorable.

And to make sure sportsmen...(some of them haven't heard those B.C. stories yet)...fish the better waters, and see the best scenery, Standard of B.C. Travel Service supplies complete information about B.C. motoring conditions, colourful road maps, and interesting helpful log books - all free on request. Standard of B.C. is glad thus to be able to help motorists and fishermen explore and enjoy this vast vacation land of ours - British Columbia.

For further information on how to obtain Standard of B.C. Travel Service, call at any Chevron Gas Station.

Standard of B.C.

Editorial



LET'S HOIST THE SAILS

and get under way...

The actions of 'the powers that be' at Victoria during the past few years have been such as to set the public to wondering just what the aims and ambitions of the Coalition Government might be.

Ask a coalition politician who is 'in the run' what motives lie behind the inconsistencies of the present regime and he will immediately strike his best oratorial pose and expound in all seriousness for hours (if you let him) about how the coalition is working day and night to maintain free and private enterprise, build a better and more prosperous B.C. etc. etc. -- the usual campaign malarky. But ask a politician of the old school whither we are heading and he will in all probability scratch his head and say, "Damned if I know what they're up to. I don't think they know what they're doing themselves."

Certain it is that Mr. John Q. Public, whether he be of C.C.F., Liberal or Conservative leanings, has nearly given up all hope of trying to make sense of the inconsistencies of the actions of our present Liberal-dominated government.

There was a time when the Liberal platform was as clear-cut as a lone sailing ship at sea -- a ship bound for a definite port. Likewise the Conservative platform was equally clear-cut -- a different sailing ship bound for a different port (but not very far-distant from the destination of the first ship). In the last decade a mere dot on the horizon has grown to sizeable proportions and shown itself as a third ship, equally clear cut, but bound for a totally different port than either of the first two. For a time the public had the pleasure of a definite choice. They could embark upon any one of the three ships and assist to the best of their abilities to see that their chosen ship reached port....but that was only for a short time.

Today the public is hard-pressed to make a decision. All three ships are milling around in mid ocean, one ship barely distinguishable from another. Even if the man in the street could decide which of the ships was heading for the port he has chosen as his destination -- no one aboard any of the ships (including the various captains) seems to be able to tell him at which ports the vessels will eventually call, though two of them seem to have decided that wherever they are going -- they shall go together....

A close inspection of the three ships shows that the rigging of the first two ships is hopelessly entangled, and that captain and crew of each of them are fighting bitterly, each of them determined to drag the other to its chosen port and making little progress in either direction. In the meantime the third and newest ship (young upstart that it is) is audaciously herding the entangled pair slowly but surely in the direction of the port which its captain and crew have in mind.

Such seems to be the political situation in B.C. (and the Dominion) No longer are there three separate and distinct ships on the horizon -- no longer, as the political game is being played now, three possible destinations -- three possible ports at which we can arrive --no longer a clear-cut, honest race for Mr. John Q. Public to wager his money on as he sees fit.

Today, to the average man in the street, the political scene is as clear as mud -- and whither we are heading no one can tell us. Pure socialism has been dished up in great gobs by governments which are the avowed enemies of socialism. Fascist-

like legislation has been enacted by a government which has only just finished doing more than its share to fight the greatest war of all time in an effort to suppress Fascism....In between, there has been a half-hearted effort to continue along the road mapped out by our forefather-champions of the Free Enterprise system.

From the Dominion we have had the sop to socialists of the Family Allowance (baby-bonus) Act. Provincially we have had our Free-Enterprise Coalition Government socialistically enter into the electrical business -- taking over most of the province's small, non-profit-making electrical companies, and capitalistically leaving the big money-making power companies strictly alone. Here in B.C. we also find a Free-Enterprise Government owning and operating (at a loss) a railroad -- while free enterprise shouts loudly but unheeded to be allowed the opportunity to buy said railroad..... Socialistically this province is to give the long-suffering masses Health Insurance -- capitalistically it is giving away a huge chunk of our forest resources to big industry under the Forest Management License plan, thereby catering to 'monopolistic enterprise'. Socialistically it has monopolized the liquor business. And so it goes--inconsistently on--and on.... while between the above two extremes we find a fascist-like state control creeping insidiously forward. Industry and labour alike are chafing under the imposition of more and ever more state controls.

The only thing that can be truthfully said of our present day government is that it is 'democratic' -- in the sense that the governing body is elected by popular vote....But to say that it is the champion of 'Free-Enterprise'; the defender of civil rights and freedoms; the champion of the principle of 'equal opportunity for all', would be a grave error.

Our Liberal government seems to have forgotten entirely the principle of 'liberalism' which it has claimed for generations to be the cornerstone of its policies; the yardstick by which all its actions are gauged, to whit: the principle of **promoting greater freedom of thought and action** for its people. For the past decade and more it has been busily working overtime devising new prohibitive legislation; new regulations and restrictions; new ways and means by which to bind and hamper and control every phase of human activity in this once-free land.

In B.C. this gradual deterioration of our government from a clear-coloured, thoroughbred, capitalistic regime to the motley coloured mongrel that it is today is admirably illustrated by the nature of the laws which have been passed governing bus and truck transportation on its highways -- for they are neither capitalistic, fascist, nor socialistic, but an unhealthy combination of all three..

Up to 1933 our government excercised virtually no control over highway transportation services. From thousands of trucks, busses and taxis it collected a road license fee and gasoline tax, and bid them God-speed to their various destinations -- and 'may the best man win' in free competitive enterprise. Any person who owned a truck could haul anything, for anyone, at any price and without benefit of franchise, anywhere in B.C. -- and whether the operator showed a profit or loss for his effort was strictly his own (and the Income Tax Department's) business.

Under this system the trucking business grew at a phenomenal pace. On page ( ) of this issue an article entitled ''Trucking is Big Business in B.C.'' will give the reader some idea of just how big this business has grown since the first horseless carriage appeared on the main streets of America. When reading this, it would be well for the reader to remember that it was largely through the efforts of **unhampered private enterprise** that our highway transportation services have evolved to their present high state of efficiency -- an efficiency which has contributed largely to this continent enjoying the highest standard of living in the world.

During this early period (prior to 1933) our government could honestly claim that it was living up to its principles of 'promoting greater freedom of thought and action'. The trucking business was highly competitive

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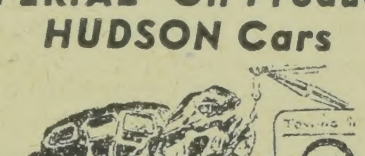

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and almost totally unrestricted. Although hundreds of would-be operators fell by the wayside because they were inefficient, other hundreds, because they rendered an efficient, economical and irreplaceable service, built up fleets of from 2 to 100 trucks, and prospered -- **exactly as it was intended that people should prosper under our competitive free-enterprise system....**

It was under the above system that the trucking business grew, free and unhampered to very near the proportions indicated in the aforementioned article. In 1933 however, the government of that day turned its back on its avowed principles, and, deciding that the days of free-enterprise in highway transportation services should end, brought into being the instrument which was to end it - the Public Utilities Commission.

Every truck, bus or taxi operating on public highways in B.C. had to have a special license issued by the Public Utilities Commission. Such licenses were not easy to obtain and as a rule, when eventually secured, limited operators to a very narrow field. Hundreds of operators were refused licenses on some pretext or other. Other hundreds were granted - as a rigid fascist-like state control was enforced...overnight...and a system of restrictive licenses and franchises came into being. Free competitive enterprise on B.C.'s highways was over -- killed by a government which was supposedly the **champion** of free enterprise - **WHY?**

Many people have asked this question. The shop-worn answer offered by government officials and large trucking concerns today is very illuminating. "It eliminates (cut-throat) competition," they say....but elimination of competition, cut-throat or otherwise, could only result in monopolies -- and such has been the case. Throughout B.C. today there exist hundreds of bright little highway transportation monopolies -- **created and controlled by the state through the Public Utilities Commission.**

Why we should have state control and state 'protection' in the highway transportation industry, and no state control or protection for butcher

shops, clothing stores, foundries, lumber yards, barber shops, etc., is a mystery which I doubt any government official can satisfactorily clarify. Certain it is, that during the 'hungry thirties' cut-throat competition was just as prevalent in all other business and industry as it was in highway transportation.

For 15 years this state control has been in effect. Those who felt, and objected to its injustice and incompatibility with the free-enterprise system, have long since resigned themselves to it. Those whom it protects laud it highly. And the public? Sheeplike they accepted it, and went on grazing in their pasture - apparently quite unmindful of the fact that their government had just done away with one of the liberties handed down from past generations -- unmindful of the fact that their free grazing area had been greatly restricted -- the fences moved relentlessly inward.

As though the above were not enough to make all champions of free-enterprise throw up their hands in despair -- the fences are about to be moved inward again -- not by a consistent further application of fascist-like controls, but by our government socialistically going into the trucking and bus business....

Said past-premier Hart, who was in office at the time and responsible for the monopolistic franchise, ''The government does not intend to build a highway with public funds and issue licenses to private bus and truck operators so that they can compete with the (publicly-owned) P.G.E. Railway which someday may be extended and parallel the highway.

The people of this province then, are to be ''allowed'' to finance (through taxation) the construction of this highway -- but after having footed the bill, are to be denied the freedom to make use of it in competitive enterprise.

This writer after having questioned truckers, politicians and laymen from Vancouver to the Peace River and from Prince George to Prince Rupert, found only ONE person who thought that the government was doing the right thing in granting this franchise -- and we beg to remind the reader that in

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making this enquiry supporters of the C.C.F. were quizzed as often as were the supporters of other political parties.

It was the contention of this ONE party that it was impossible for any private company, which undertook to maintain scheduled bus and truck service over the Hart Highway, to show a profit; that it was definitely a losing proposition and that if anyone was to lose money it might as well be the government through its crown corporation. To say the least it is a very unusual line of reasoning, - and we wonder would he have been in favour of a government franchise were he equally sure a profit COULD be made.

Scores of bus and truck operators at both ends of this soon-to-be-completed highway are strongly opposed to our government going into the highway transportation business; highly indignant at the manner in which the few rights they still have were pushed aside while the franchise was granted, and downright hostile over the manner in which the government has denied them the privilege of finding out for themselves whether or not they can operate successfully, and in a manner profitable to both the public and themselves.

Truly, we have come a long way since 1933 - **a long way down hill....** At the foot of the hill lies dictatorship and complete state control and all the perverted things which through propaganda we have been taught are unworthy of a free and enlightened people....The grade is getting steeper ...and the momentum increasing.....

How much longer is British Columbia (and Canada) going to continue rolling down the slope? And where is it going to stop? How much longer is our Liberal-dominated government going to continue waving aloft the banner of **free enterprise** with one hand, while using the other to affix the seal of legality to socialistic and fascist legislation? And when are they going to cease trying to hoodwink the entire population with such shabby, underhanded trickery?

Where are the leaders of bygone generations who championed the cause

continued on page 26

Cat Tracks

by GERRY MOORE

Pop had something on his mind. I could tell by that brisk attitude as he rode toward me.....

"Want to catch a cougar? I saw tracks of a big one up the hill a little way. You might see what Dave thinks about it."

Dave Hamm, our neighbour whom we call the 'Cougar King' had spent many weeks hunting down the cougar in this valley. Now, just back from a hunt, he was stopping with us a few days before starting off again. His dogs were some of the best cougar-treeing dogs in the country. Here was a real opportunity for teaching my two pups the technique of cat-hunting -- not to mention the experience I expected to acquire. I have had some luck with getting cougar, though not with a trained cougar dog.

We left early the next morning, accompanied by all four dogs, rowdy with anticipation. About a mile of up-grade through scattered fir brought us to the cougars' last scene of action -- a porcupine kill in a creek bottom. We circled the place, endeavoring to pick up his trail out of there. He struck off, heading north toward Skinner Mountain, exactly as we had feared he might.

Skinner Mountain is a rocky, precipitous upheaval, barely making timberline; tough country in which to hunt cougar or anything else. However, we were determined to have his hide. We stayed with him, climbing the mountain in about five inches of slippery snow. We rattled over rocky ledges the sun had laid bare, slipping on the shale slides, now and then startling a herd of deer out of some rock-rimmed pocket of bunch grass.

About 2:00 P.M. the tracks ceased skirting the shoulder of the mountain and turned at right angles straight up over the top -- away from Home and all that was warm and comfortable. Discouraged, we decided to quit him. He had neither slept nor made a kill. Nothing had slowed his stride in the least. That cat was really out to prowl.

Gerry Moore with half-grown cougar kit snared by her.

Picking a sunny spot sheltered from the crisp breeze by huge boulders and scrub pine, we had our belated lunch before making the descent and long hike home. From our perch the Valley looks more like a big basin bordered round by several different types of mountains. On our east rises Potatoe Mountain. A 'push-up' from an ancient sea bed, its undulating top providing a summer paradise for the Chilcoten Indians, as well as for the Hereford cattle raised in the valley. From five to six thousand feet high it is just one big Alpine pasture extending all of fifteen miles north and south. To the west, craggy, glacier-studded Mt. Niut rears her 'Squaw-face' ten thousand feet in the air. Along the southern rim of our basin view are clustered several singularly round mountains, each boasting glacial proximity, each rugged, unfriendly, turning haughty cold shoulders to the skittish creeks and streams sneaking out from among their wide-spread bases. All of these mountains border on Tatlayoko Lake. The lake, so deep it seldom ever freezes over, fills a good half of the valley. Here before us lies a wilderness frontier. The distant horizon merges with glaciers of the Coast Range. Only sixty miles from the salt waters of Butte Inlet, yet no horse and very few men have ever made the journey through.

Bridge River

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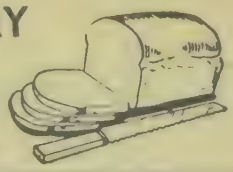

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Nuit Range -- with Tatlayoko Lake in the foreground.

Look at it! Hundreds of square miles of silent, scintilating beauty. Think of all the wild creatures that call it home. The thousands of bounding mule deer, antlers carried high to avoid any ensnarling brush; cozily sleeping bears curled up in wealths of fur and living off their fat, immune to any petty annoyances until April at least; the bold, bad brotherhood of wolves, pulling a deer down in any quick dash, then, bellies full, howling their superiority to the moon -- and any other deer or wolf that cares to listen! the sneaky coyote, feeding on the crumbs of bygone feasts; the lesser animals, all wary of their larger foe, all cautious in their silent search for food -- each time that being some smaller animal, less adept at self-defence, down to the recklessly scolding half-hibernating squirrel or the foolish rabbit. Somewhere along in there prowls the cougar.-- tawny,muscular,big footed, cold calculating eyes agleam--ears quick to pick up the rustle of leaves or snap of a twig. Sometimes lying prone along a limb, looking for all the world like a growth of the tree itself he waits for a luckless deer. He doesn't wait long. He's picked his spot well. He crouches, tense, tail atwitch. Now the deer is passing directly below. With a mighty spring he lands close by his prey. The startled deer has no time to get under way before he is on its back, claws gripping its flesh, teeth tearing at its neck. The deer, after a few frantic bounds, piles up

in a heap and knows no more. The feast is on! The cougar will hang around a day or two until he finishes his kill, basking in the sun on a warm rock in between feeds, or, tired of meat gone cold, might bury the remains under a pile of leaf-mould and dead branches. When the mood prompts him he strikes out for un-alarmed hunting elsewhere, leaving wide-staggered, round tracks for practically his only enemy, man, to follow.

Well, we had followed him far enough. Though a little disappointed we had to give him up. Lunch over, down the mountain we went on a shale slide; slipping, sliding, jumping boulders -- lots of fun!

At the bottom at last. Whew! Even the dogs enjoyed that. They were all out in front running wild. Suddenly 'Tip' the cougar dog took off like a 'mowich'! Oh! oh! That means only one thing -- cougar! Sure enough. There were his tracks, still warm, all around through the underbrush. The dogs ran in circles, trying to pick up the trail, till Dave managed to corral Tip and slip a leash on him. Then across the creek canyon we went, figuring Mr. Cougar would be on the other side. Correct! His long, frightened leaps were imprinted in the snow, skirting the rim. Dave turned the dogs loose. We tried to keep up to them - to no avail. Tip runs a cougar down without uttering a sound until the animal 'trees'. We kept going, listening for some clue. Suddenly a sharp bark, down below to the left! Down the ridge we went, running the icy slope like antelope, only the speed of our descent keeping us from missing a foot-hold and sliding to the bottom. On reaching the scene of action we found the cougar had made a slick finesse, and was off again via the creek bottom, going back *up hill!*

Gerry Moore, ''Pat'' and coyote which chased its last calf.

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The dogs, intent on running him down, were soundlessly and swiftly tracking him below us. We raced back along the rim. Dave, veteran cougar hunter that he is was well in the lead. I came panting along behind, shouting "Don't shoot, Dave, till I see him".....

My plea was wasted. Bang-ng-ng! The 30-30 echoed through the canyon. It was all over for one more deer-killing, calf-killing predator.

When I reached the scene Dave was standing on the rim-rock, gazing straight into the canyon below, where a 175 pound cougar (he said it was an average one) lay in a pool of blood and snow-water, and all four dogs were bragging over what each had done to put him there.

Dave explained why he had to shoot. The cougar was crouched on a rocky ledge waiting in ambush for the dogs. Had Tip reached the cougar before Dave, it is doubtful whether he would have left the place alive.

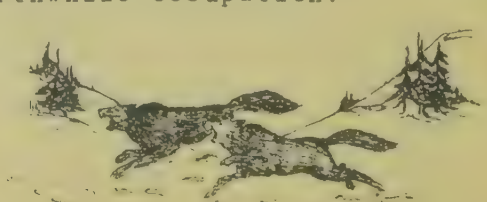
We made our slow, cautious descent down the face of the cliff, till we reached our quarry. Daylight was fading fast. Whipping out our knives we soon 'scalped' him, -- a strip down the back, six inches wide, with ears and tail attached is enough to identify the pelt for the $20.00 bounty allotted by the Government.

Dave lashed the slippery hide to his pack-board, which he had hopefully carried all day, and we hastened homeward, thoroughly tired but satisfied.

Just for the records, this is the 59th cougar to be caught by Dave and his dog Tip. Tip is all business. He has no time for any other track than that of a couger. When he first hits a three-day-old track he shows interest, but very little. As the track freshens, Tip freshens, until he suddenly becomes so alert, so hard to hold that you can bet on him to have the cougar within minutes. By watching his mounting interest, you can feel the age dropping away foom the tracks, even if you knew nothing about reading them for yourself. Excepting those dogs bred for cougar hunting, few dogs can be depended upon to stay with the cougar track. Most of them develop into 'deer-runners.' That is what makes Tip so remarkable. He is just an average collie.

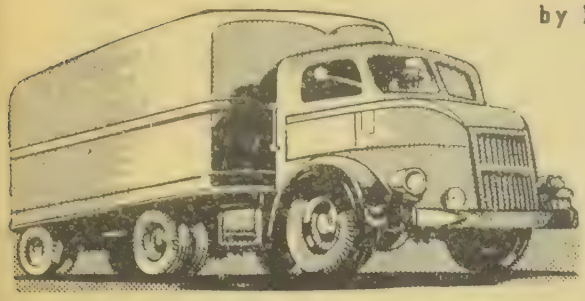
The offspring of cougar seem to be born at any time of the year. I have heard of them having as many as six kits, but that was on Vancouver Island. Dave claims he has never seen more than three kits with their mother in this country.

Statistics say that a cougar kills about 52 deer a year. Considering this Tip and his master are engaged in a very worthwhile occupation.



Trucking is Big Business in B.C.

by FRED J. GREEN



Some of the facts, figures and problems of the Motor Transport industry - which should interest the general public.....

According to latest information there are 17,066 vehicles licenced by the Motor Carrier Branch of the Public Utilities Commission of B.C. to transport passengers and freight on our highways. In addition there are approximately 14,000 trucks engaged in work that does not require a Motor Carrier license.

Now let's break those figures down into a few comparative mental pictures.

Placed end to end they would reach from Vancouver to Boston Bar, a distance of 139 miles.

Each vehicle requires at least one man so that is 31,066 wage earners, equal in number to the population of the City of New Westminster. Many of these men maintain a home, raise a family, pay taxes, and work for their respective communities.

An average daily wage of $6.00 would represent $186,396 daily purchasing power or $55,918,800 yearly, enough to build ten bridges of the Pattullo type.

Taking a conservative amount paid yearly to the Provincial Government in license fees on each vehicle at $45 the amount would be $1,397,970, or enough to build 233 $6,000 houses.

Municipal trade licenses would be in addition to the above.

At a valuation of $3,000 per vehicle they represent a capital investment in rolling stock alone of $93,198,000. If each vehicle burned a minimum of 10 gallons of gasoline per day they would consume 310,660 gallons at a daily cost of approximately $90,091.40. If the proportion of this motor population represented by trucks carried an average of 6 tons daily it would mean 7,766 tons, enough to fill 195 railway box cars or approximately 5 train loads.

While we do not claim the above figures correct inasmuch as they err on the conservative side, we do however propound them to give an indication of the hugeness of motor transportation in B.C.

This industry serves **shippers**, **consumers**, and **producers** with flexibility and dispatch.

It pioneers new areas in many instances bumping over roads which might have been considered fair when Columbus arrived in 1492.

It has built up communities that never had other forms of transportation.

It has spread settlers on land who have brought that land under cultivation and into the tax-paying bracket in the safe assurance that they would always have prompt and reasonable access to their markets.

It serves almost in its entirety the **dairy** industry, to a great extent the **forest products** industry, **fruit** and **farm**.

These are a few of the facts and figures relative to Motor Transport which up to the present has been developed by individual operators. There are storm warnings out at present that future individual effort and initiative may cease or at least be seriously curtailed.

We believe there is a definite plan on the part of the railways to construct an additional transportation system on the highways. Already the C.P.R. have been granted co-ordinated

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100 MILE, B. C.

rail-truck rights in five areas. Recently the C.N.R. made application to operate freight trucks between Prince Rupert and Burns Lake. This particular application coming as it did from a Dominion Government owned railroad would seem to indicate clearly Federal Government Railway thinking through the Department of Transport. In addition the Provincial Government are reserving the Pine Pass Highway from Prince George to Dawson Creek for the exclusive operation of Government vehicles.

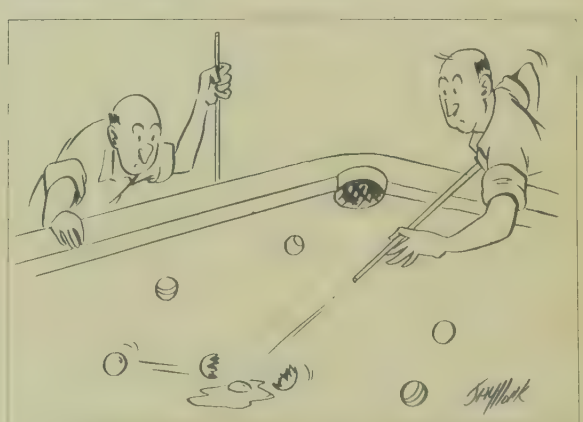
With these storm clouds on the horizon it behooves Independent Motor Transport to pause and take stock of itself and its future if it is to remain independent.

Like a boy who has grown rapidly, graduating from short to long pants, Motor Transport is full of diffidence and fears and covered with awkwardness.

It is time to realize that we have reached maturity, that we fill a most essential place in the country's economy and that if we are to serve as free enterprise with its individual rights we must be prepared to act cooperatively in an effort to combat movements which would deprive us of those rights.

Have you read the story of the Dinosaurs, those prehistoric animals of large body and small heads that did not believe in association and were so busy fighting each other that they disappeared off the face of the earth?

We invite you to make written or verbal comments, criticisms, or suggestions: c/o **North Peace Truckers Association, Fort St. John, B.C., or North Cariboo Truckers Association, Quesnel, B.C.**



A MATTER OF PUBLIC INTEREST

A STATEMENT OF FACTS:

(1) Our Government apparently has decided that "free-enterprise" is no longer desirable and not to be encouraged.

(2) In keeping with this decision, it set aside all legislation governing highway transportation in this province for the purpose of issuing a monopolistic franchise for truck and bus service over the HART HIGHWAY to the Pacific Great Eastern Railway - a railway notorious for its high freight rates.

(3) In opposition to all protests - it has appropriated (from public funds) the sum of $250,000.00 which is to be used by the Pacific Great Eastern Railway for the purpose of purchasing trucks and buses and for the building of terminals.

(4) The Hart Highway is being constructed by the expenditure of PUBLIC FUNDS - and not funds provided by the P.G.E. Railway.

WE BELIEVE:

(1) That monopolies, government created or otherwise, are not in the public interest.

(2) That only through free competitive enterprise can prospective shippers and travellers (over this highway) be guaranteed a maximum of good service at a fair price.

(3) That not less than two truck and two bus licenses should be issued covering transportation services on this highway.

(4) That in view of the fact that construction of this highway is being financed with public funds, said licenses should be issued -- not to a railroad already overburdened with debt -- but to those who have pioneered in, and made a specialty of motor transport in Central and Northern B.C. - and who, above all, are willing and capable of financing the proposed service from private and not PUBLIC funds.

WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE? We are right ( ) We are wrong ( )

Place an "X" in the bracket denoting your opinion and do YOUR bit toward fighting monopolies and maintaining FREEDOM - and mail to: the nearest address below:

Name.....

Address.....

North Cariboo Truckers Association
QUESNEL, B. C.

North Peace Truckers Association
FORT ST. JOHN, B. C.

The Roads of British Columbia

by: A man who SHOULD know what he is talking about having been road foreman for the P.W.D. for in the north country for a period of 12 years - but who for obvious reasons prefers to remain - ANONYMOUS.

Likewise do not blame your local superintendent, as he is working under orders from Victoria. With road conditions as they are and no improvement in sight, do not place the blame thoughtlessly.

Up to date, the Minister is merely the figure-head, usually knows little about road construction, and has very little to do with running the Dept. Those who actually do run it, have been at it for enough years to be in the running for superannuation. No Minister stays around that long.

The actual road building is in the hands of the engineers, and the Dept. swarms with them. There may be a few practical men amongst them, but as they are apparently rated by seniority, these must be pretty well down the list so that they cannot put any sound idea into effect.

All the engineers are prone toward drawing pretty pictures of *Cuts, Fills, and Profiles* etc etc. A mess of measurements and correct lines. Ditches must be so deep -- the *Crown* just so high -- the slopes or slopes of the inner shoulders certain lengths. Just a matter of *Lines*.

A finished road, according to the blue prints, *does look O.K.* but the question of whether it will stand up to traffic never seems to be considered. Each mile of road in B.C. will testify that they *do not* stand up. The matter of road surfacing does not seem to be the important item that it should be.

Operators on the job are sometimes allowed a blue print of what is required in the way of lines, but nothing is ever said of the actual finish. Complete your dirt work and slap on the gravel seems to be the only idea of the Dept. which explains why our roads have for years been an aggravating mess of corrugation and pot holes, calling for terrific expence in maintenance which never has and never can provide a decent surface for any length of time.

Maintenance on this excessive scale is also a means of tying up a lot of expensive equipment in abortive work when it should be used for further miles of construction.

Pit-run gravel or even screened gravel should never be used on a road surface because a *round stone* moves, and the traffic moves them.

One stone so moved is the start of a washboard effect or a pot hole providing a spot for the wheels to start bouncing and there goes your surface.

Wheels of traffic will sink into loose gravel. On the other hand a flat stone of crushed gravel does not move easily and wheels will not sink into it. Only half the quantity may be required.

Therefore a Rock Crusher should be placed in every gravel pit. Cheaper in the long run than expensive maintenance and weird gravel screens, and will produce a lasting road surface. That is what we are after.

It is impossible to build a road surface with *Sand;* it is impossible to build a road surface with *Gravel;* it is impossible to build a road surface with *Dirt*. Sand or gravel will corrugate and pot hole. Dirt will produce mud and ruts. The ideal surface is produced by a combination of crushed gravel with sufficient Dirt for a binder. This has never been tried in B.C. The idea of actually hauling Dirt to a road is considered some form of Les Majesti, but it is required for a good job.

On lower levels where the full width has been buldozed out, a strip of uncrushed gravel could be laid the width of the road surface, before a cut is made with the grader. The ditch dirt is then pulled in over as per usual. The surface is as above. This type of construction, where applicable, will not rut.

Under the present system which has shown no change in 20 years, when pot holes appear, the order is given to re-gravel regardless of all the years of evidence that all the gravel in the world will not produce a surface.

HARD SURFACING: At least in the Northern parts of B.C. from Prince George to Prince Rupert none of that expensive *alleged hard surfacing* has survived over two years. Some has been torn up within that period.

Hard surfacing in poor condition is infinitely harder on autos and trucks than the usual roughness of the gravelled highways.

Each year, juicy contracts are allowed for this type of road surface. This money is pure waste. There is something radically wrong with the whole theory. The portions of the same type, laid by the army at several camp locations, also failed to stand up.

Each season, as the officials make their annual round of the many departmental layouts, these jagged holes are frantically plugged to pass inspection, which work will usually last until the brass hats are safely back in Victoria.

This is about fifty miles north of Quesnel. The main road was so bad that cars and trucks detoured on this old road. This was taken after the roads had started to dry up. A wonderful mud pie for children and senile road-builders.

After the main road got too bad the cars used an old road. Note the brush, trees and sticks put in the road so stuck cars could get through. This is a wide, flat road only there are no ditches and the poor homeless water must go somewhere so it stays by the road.

Interviewing various equipment operators brings forth quite a medley of opinions. A lot of them are working by the hour for a living and have no further interest than just that. Others take great pride in what they can do with their machinery, and yet others add to their mechanical competency the idea that they can lay out and build a better road than the boys with all the instruments, and have a pretty low regard for them.

They are wrong, of course, as the good engineering is an essential part of it all, if followed up to the actual surfacing, but quite a few operators have some very practical and constructive ideas with never an opportunity to get them entertained.

They are up against a smug complacence, unscratched by years of failure to deliver a lasting road surface.

There are no new ideas in this short article. All of them have been discussed many times, but never have been put to work.

The only way to get any change made, is for the order to come from *above* -- not as a suggestion from *below*.

We require a Works Minister with a practical flare for road construction. Such a person would be in a position to give orders and have them put into effect.

Our present Minister could be that man.

A few years ago, the Purchasing Agent was replaced by a Purchasing Commission. Awarding contracts for road work should also be performed by a Commission and for the same reasons.

P. W. OGDEN

GAS - OIL - POST OFFICE

Tourist Information

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General Merchandise

on the Cariboo Highway *SOUVENIRS*

(Photos and captions on this page by - Murdoch Mc Leod)

Just south of Red Rock looking towards Quesnel. The Road Dept. opened the roads for trucks and the first loaded one stuck in the center of road. A loaded lumber truck tried to pull him out but the chain broke so he was left there. We got by as we had chains on and galloped fast. A furrow plowed on the high side, then across road and fifty feet in the woods towards the Fraser River would make this a dry road in one day. We must have drainage. The lack of common sense in our road work is appalling.

THE FROG

Oh mud, the soft oozing and beautiful mud,
I'm as happy in this as a cow with her cud.
In spring and in fall, I'm really at home,
From wet B.C. roads I will never more roam.

This is between Quesnel and Prince George. It has been like this every spring and fall for over twenty years. Would you say it lacks ditches or should we have common sense applied by a new road department?

A Search For Cariboo Ballads

by EMELENE THOMAS

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

—ROBERT SERVIC

Of interest to people of the Cariboo and elsewhere will be a somewhat unusual project which will get under way this summer, a project dealing with the life and history of the Cariboo.

The University of British Columbia and the Humanities Research Council of Canada are interested in folk-songs and ballads of the Cariboo, and in search of such material Professor H. Hughes of the University Department of English will visit the district in late August and September.

It is felt that not enough has been written, or, rather, not published, about the incidents and personalities that went into making the rich history of the famed Cariboo, and though to be sure anecdotes in plenty are to be told for the listening, little has been done to publicize and preserve the songs and verses which told of those days when ''Cariboo'' was a word to conjure with. There were, of course, Sawney's Letters and Cariboo Rhymes, but there must have been other verses written, songs of the trail, of Crow and Peavine Harvey, of the miners, settlers, telegraph operators, teamsters, the whole galaxy of people who forged the links of the golden chain that stretched from the time of the coming of the first adventurers down through the storied years. It is to investigate the existence of these ballads that Mr. Hughes and his wife will travel through the Cariboo, visiting as many places as possible -- Bridge River, Williams Lake, Quesnel, Barkerville -- in fact wherever the trail leads, interviewing those who have already shown interest in the project, and always on the lookout for material. With Mr. Hughes, finding an authentic bit of Cariboo verse would be like a prospector finding a choice nugget, and it is hoped that he will be successful in uncovering many a ''nugget''. Necessarily relying on the aid of others, not only for leads but for the actual ballads too, he hopes that through the Cariboo Digest he will receive welcome help, and has expressed a wish that anyone with material or ideas that will further his work will forward them to the office of the magazine or leave a memo re available material.

The fact that the University and the Research Council realize the value of a collection of authentic Cariboo tales-in-verse will doubtless stimulate the interest and pride of the people of Cariboo in the significance of their vast country whose very name spells magic and romance. From them to you, then, Mr. Hughes, Good Hunting!

93 MILE HOUSE

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How To Elect The OPPOSITION

by JOHN A. FRASER

Scarcely had the triumphal shouts of victory in the by-elections ceased resounding, than the Provincial Government proceeded to lay on the backs of the already over-burdened taxpayer an additional 3% tax for what they call Social Security (a nice sounding title for an obnoxious tax). This in addition to picking up and continuing any of the wartime taxes abandoned by the Federal Government.

I am one of the electorate who has come to the conclusion that there is no better way to elect the Opposition than this increasing imposition of such taxes as these, and I suggest to the Government, with all deference, that the next time they have a by-election they should go to the country on the proposition of doubling this tax and let the voters have a chance to say how they like it before imposition.

So far as the collection of this tax is concerned it imposes on the Trading public one of the costliest methods of collection that has ever been imposed by any Government. Why in the name of common sense should they not have imposed a one percent tax on all commodities at the retail level? The imposition and collection of such a tax would have the virtue of avoiding an everlasting headache on retail dealers and in my opinion would have realized as much revenue.

The result of the recent by-elections, Federally, does not bring much in the way of comfort to either of the old parties. However C.C.F. has still a long way to go to take over the official opposition at Ottawa, before contemplating it as a Government.

There has been considerable criticism of the Federal Government because it has not substantially reduced the heavy burden of wartime taxation. I am of the opinion that the policy pursued of reducing the wartime debt is to be commended. It should not be forgotten that our Federal debt is still almost four times as great as it was before the war. General conditions throughout the country are still prosperous and in my humble opinion that is the time to make a valiant effort to reduce our tremendous load of debt to manageable proportions. I think the time to do this is when general conditions throughout the country are at an all time high as they are at the present time. However the Government itself should set the example by drastically reducing its own expenditures and thus encourage the Taxpayer to carry his load without too much complaint. This they are not doing.

It would be unfair to conclude on a note of criticism, therefore I will extend to both Governments my best appreciation for the excellent manner in which, so far, they have managed the distressing conditions occasioned by the recent floods in this Province. Both Federal and Provincial governments have acted with commendable good judgment and prompt action. For this they are entitled to commendation.

The public has also shown a gratifying response to the call from the government for emergency relief. The voluntary contribution of almost two and a quarter million dollars from the public clearly demonstrates that the public is generously minded to those in distress and it is to be hoped that both governments will follow the commendable lead of the general public until such time as all sufferers have been rehabilitated.

LIKELY General Store
(C.J. Zirnhelt, prop.)
HUNTING and FISHING
SUPPLIES *LIKELY, B. C.*

Bowron River Coal

It is a well known fact that in a few short years many of British Columbia's coal mines will have produced their last ton of coal. It was inevitable that this should be so; that the Vancouver Island and lower mainland producers, having for generations supplied an unceasing and ever-increasing demand, would one day find that their diamond drill cores proved the presence of rock, and more rock - but no additional coal tonnage.

It is almost equally well known that due to a world shortage of oil supplies and the need for building up huge reserves (due to the tense international situation) that the demand for coal in the west today has increased out of all proportion to population increase or to increased industrial expansion. Our government is discouraging the use of fuel oil wherever other fuels are available, and for a good reason - but with the result that the remaining coal reserves of lower mainland coal producers are being used up even more quickly than anticipated. The west coast demand is so great that **an estimated 25 to 35 million tons** of coal will be used by Pacific coast cities between Los Angeles and Vancouver,B.C. during 1948.

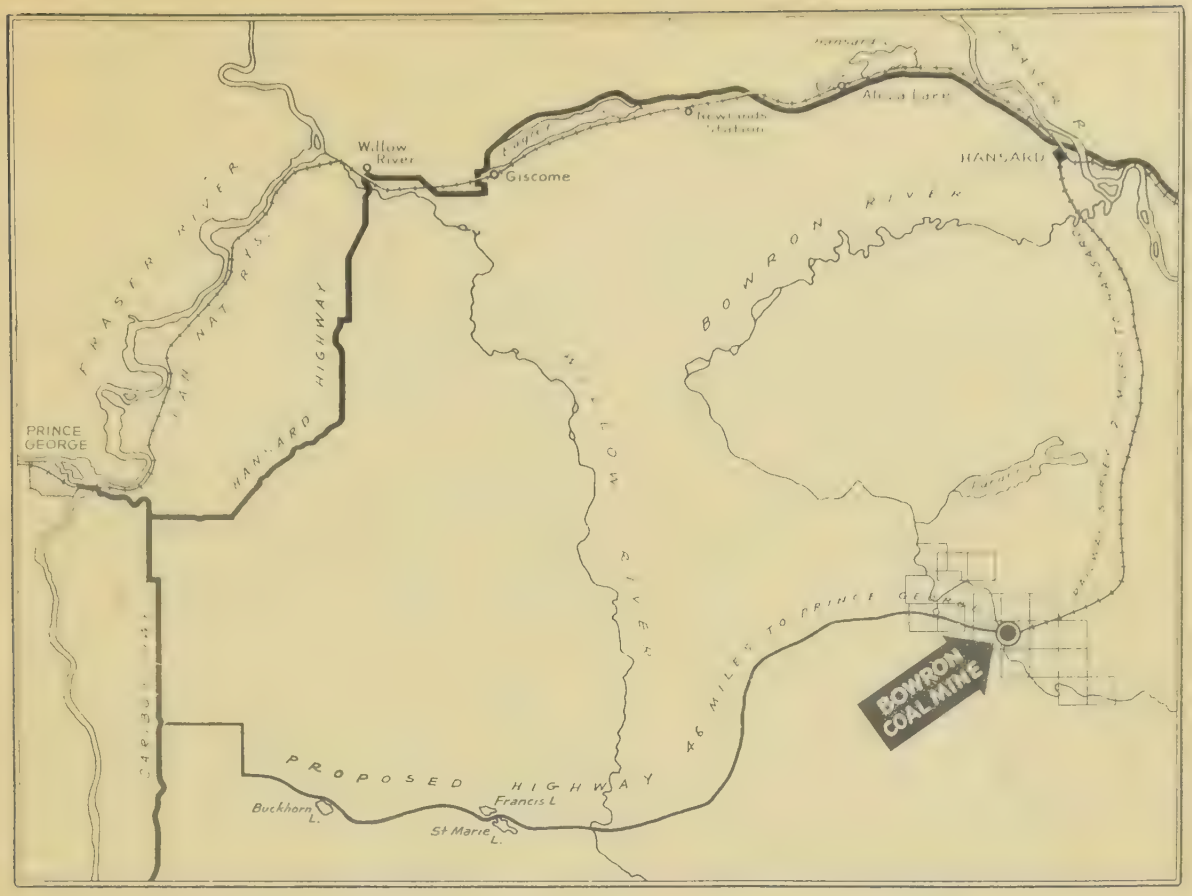
The above is just for the record.

What is not so well known however, is the fact that within 20 miles of one of our Trans-Canada railroads there exists a coal field which is capable of producing 600,000 tons of high-grade coal every year for the next 200 years - **and though it has been known to exist for the past 77 years, the first ton of coal has yet to be marketed from this coal field...**

If it were true that all western Canadian and western U.S. coal requirements were produced from coal mines located west of the Rockies; west of that unbroken mountain barrier stretching southward from Alaska through Canada, the U.S., and on into Mexico and South America, the fact that this Bowron River coal has remained undeveloped all these years could be understood. But such is not the case. The provinces and states west of the Rockies **do not** produce sufficient coal for their requirements but must needs 'import' coal from provinces and states lying to the east of the mountain barrier - and the freight costs involved in transporting millions of tons of coal across the mountains is, and has been, a perpetual drain on our western economy.

It is ridiculous that such should be the state of affairs when there are huge coal fields located west of the Rockies as yet untouched and undeveloped. This is particularly true of British Columbia, for whereas the western states of the U.S. have left no stone unturned, no resource undeveloped which would result in greater economic and industrial independence from the eastern states, B.C. has been consistently backward in developing those of its resources which would help win for westerners a reasonable freedom from dependency upon eastern Canadian producers of raw materials and industrial products; reasonable freedom from being perpetually 'milked dry' of our cash surplusses because we are too short-sighted or indifferent to develop our resources....

Leaving coal aside for the moment, let us look at the west coast ship-building industry which received such impetus during war years. It was recently announced that one of the largest ship-building firms on the west coast was permanently closing down one of its yards **because it could not compete with ship-builders in eastern Canada.** The sole reason for this shut-down is that B.C. has no steel mill; that virtually every pound of steel and iron used in the construction of ships must be 'imported' from eastern Canada and is subject to rail freight charges so high as to render it impossible for west coast



shipbuilders to compete successfully with eastern firms located close to the source of their steel requirements....and yet within the boundaries of British Columbia are to be found all the necessary raw materials for a flourishing steel industry. As for the market - one B.C. shipbuilding firm alone used more than 1,000,000 tons of steel during the war years.

Another illustration of our backwardness is that with the untapped hydro-electric capacity of its rivers and streams estimated at 10,000,000 horse power, B.C. recently found itself in the ludicrous position of having to 'import' electrical power from the U.S. (Completion of the Bridge River and Campbell River hydro projects will no doubt obviate this necessity in the near future.) Nevertheless it is an excellent example of conservative shortsightedness at its worst.

Another example of British Columbia's 'dependency' on eastern provinces which is due solely to our lack of initiative, is our dependency on Alberta beef to fill out our meat

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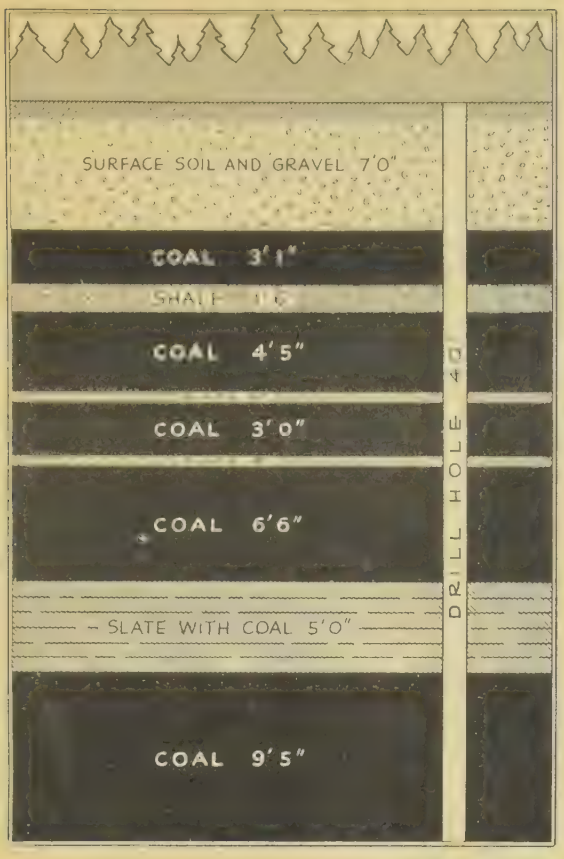
requirements. Within the boundaries of B.C. in the Peace River Block sufficient feed grain is produced that if it were made available to beef producers in Cariboo and adjacent districts by a **direct** connection (such as would be provided by completion of the P.G.E.) production could be **doubled** in those districts in which a feed shortage exists, and B.C. could become self-sufficient in respect to its livestock requirements. As the situation stands today, central B.C. and Cariboo livestock producers are forced to limit their herds because of feed shortages while B.C. grown feed grain is hauled southeast to Edmonton and the grain-glutted prairie in order to fatten Alberta beef which is in turn hauled through the mountain passes (at freight rates 25% in excess of normal) to supply the Pacific coast demand.

We could cite instance after instance where lack of foresight and initiative is, and has been for years, retarding industrial and economic progress, and working unnecessary hardships on the people of British Columbia -- but we were talking about coal.....

With the end of production in sight for most of the coal mines in southern B.C., it would seem reasonable to expect that the Provincial Government would be doing everything in its power to aid private enterprise in developing new coal fields, so that the dwindling lower coast reserves could be augmented. It is particularly reasonable and natural to expect this because for years B.C. has been 'importing' hundreds of thousands of tons of coal each year from Alberta and the U.S. Now more than ever before our government should be doing everything in its power to solve the coal problem. With **billions** of tons of high grade coal available in several untouched fields in Central and Northern B. C., it is unthinkable that those to whom the government of this province has been entrusted should sit idly by twiddling their thumbs while a bad situation gets steadily worse.

But that is what is happening. It could even be truthfully stated that our government has been **hampering** the development of any new coal resources-



ABOVE SKETCH shows a cross-section of 40-foot drill hole at property of Bowron Coal Co. Ltd. While seams are not quite flat, this sketch gives a good indication of the true depth of the seams.

-this through the placing of a 'reserve' on all (known and unknown) undeveloped coal resources, thus needlessly restricting private enterprise from freely developing said resources without being hampered by miles of red tape.

In the Peace River block, where a Federal Government survey (of 30 years ago) indicated some 4 billion tons of high grade coal, our provincial government has done virtually nothing except conduct numerous (P.G.E.) railway surveys, and hamper local private enterprise in its effort to develop said resources by forcing small mine operators (supplying the local demand) to operate on a 'permit' basis, whereby they are allowed to take out 2 or 5 or 10 thousand tons, and have no claim whatsoever on the property once the given amount has been extracted - because the whole coal field is under

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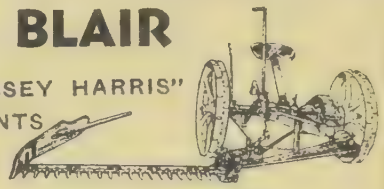

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reserve. This can hardly be said to be actively assisting private industry in the development of a new field.

With many years intensive development work having been done in the Peace Pass by the Burns Foundation on their Carbon River leases, and the proving by such work of the availability of hundreds of millions of tons of coal, lying in extensive and comparatively flat beds, our government precociously spent $250,000.00 in 1947 in drilling for coal in the geologically broken-up Hassler Creek area in an effort to justify their determination (for political reasons) to someday push the P.G.E. railway through the Pine Pass rather than the Peace Pass.

The prospect of burning Peace River coal on the Pacific Coast as the result of any action on the part of our government is not one whit better today than it was 30 years ago...yet the prospect is there...someday... someday...

Someday also the Groundhog coal fields north of Hazelton known to have a potential of hundreds of millions of tons of semi-anthracite may be developed, but it will not be for several decades as long as it is held under 'reserve' and our government's progressive policy seems to consist of looking over the fence into our neighbours' yards rather than assisting in the development of what lies in its own backyard.

The Bowron River coal-field, as far as is known today, has not the potential tonnage of either the Peace River or the Groundhog fields, but it has the advantage of being a great deal more accessible - almost adjoining the C.N.R. railway east of Prince George. Whereas to tap the first two mentioned fields would require 200 miles or more of new railroad to be constructed. By comparison, the problem of tapping Bowron River coal, a scant 20 miles south of the main line at Hansard, is a mere nothing.

But what is the history of the development in this field? Coal was first discovered there in 1871, and apart from the mere recording of its presence, left untouched, for those were the days when fortunes were being won

and lost in furs and placer gold, and it was then definitely inaccessible. With the coming of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, passing within 20 miles of the field, a concerted effort was made to develop its latent resources. The first holders of leases in the area engaged the services of C.F.J.Galloway, an eminent English mining engineer to make a detailed survey of the property. It was at this time that its potentialities first became known and reported to be not less than 120 million tons. Indeed the quality of the coal, the accessibility (but 20 miles from a Trans-Canada railroad), the quantity and the potential market were all so favourable that the property was disposed of to English interests for a half a million dollars. Despite the best of intentions on the part of the new owners to speedily develop the field into one of B.C.'s major coal producers, the outbreak of the first world war called a halt to all plans for its development.

In the thirty-odd years from that time to this the government 'assisted' in the development of this field by placing it under 'reserve' thus barring the doors to its exploitation until miles of governmental red tape had first been unravelled.

On the first of August 1946 the Bowron Coal Company, with a capitalization of $500,000.00 was formed under the presidency of Dave Wells, the purpose of the company being to develop and mine the coal, not only to supply the local demand along the C.N.R., but to augment the dwindling supplies in southern B.C. by shipping the coal by rail to the province's industrial centre of Vancouver...20 miles of good truck road (or railroad) would give B.C. a reserve of another 120 million tons of high grade coal - a worthwhile development, one might say. One in which it might be expected that our government would render every assistance....But no. There is no need to go into the details of the months of disheartening negotiations which preceeded the final granting of a coal license to the above company; sufficient to say that the wall of government red tape was almost insurmountable, but that the

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company now possesses a license allowing it to prospect, develop tonnage, and mine coal in the Bowron Coal Reserve.

It would seem now that there is little to stop the development of this coal field. Albeit with reluctance, the license has been granted; the company formed; and stock sold to finance initial development - and most important of all - the COAL is there in quantity - vouched for by some of the ablest private and government engineers in the province. There is nothing to slow down development except the fact that our government's policy toward the project is distinctly negative.....And why?.... Because (past) Premier Hart definitely committed himself, and the province, to developing the Hassler Creek coal FIRST. No matter that the end of the P.G.E. rails are still impounded at Quesnel with no immediate prospect of release; no matter that it is impossible to ship Hassler Creek coal to Vancouver by any other route and compete with southern Alberta coal; no matter that dwindling coal reserves are rendering B.C. ever more dependent on imported coal while our own vast reserves go untapped - Mr. Hart has spoken, and so it shall be.....

Exactly what this negative policy means to the development of this coal field can be best illustrated by the road problem confronting the present company. To build 20 miles of road capable of supporting 20 ton loads winter and summer is a costly undertaking, exactly how costly, no one knows better than our government. Taking some recent contracts at random, we find that in 1946 the contract to rebuild 7 miles of the Cariboo Highway between mile 83 and mile 93 was let at approximately $25000.00 per

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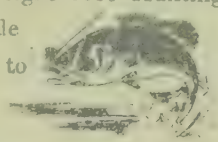

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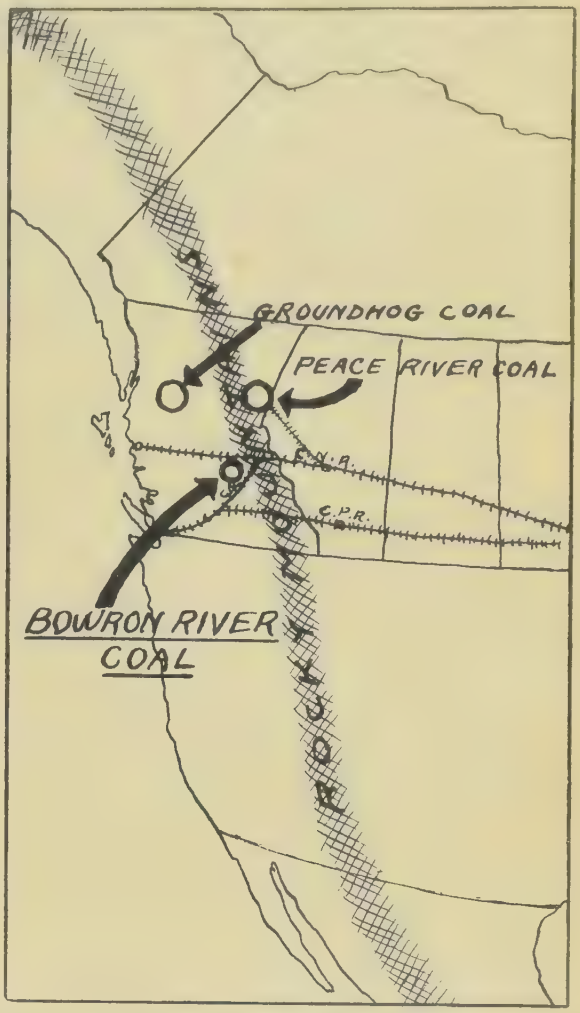
per mile. The following year, the contract to rebuild the highway from mile 93 to the 100 mile was let at $28,500.00 per mile. Obviously the Bowron Coal Company is not capitalized to do any road building on a similar scale. Yet build it MUST - and build to withstand the pounding of loaded trucks - if it is to get its coal to market.

In recent years the government has been paying 50% of the cost of construction on all mining roads - this in order to aid development of our mineral resources. But when the Dept. was asked to pay 50% of the cost of constructing a road from the mine to Hansard Department of Mines officials would not commit themselves and resorted to the old stall of advising that the request for such assistance would be duly considered - plus the reminder that Mr. Hart had promised development of Peace River coal - which coal was not located in the Bowron river valley.....

There is something radically wrong with the whole picture. The fault lies deeper than the mere surface action of our government placing undeveloped coal resources under 'reserve' or its extreme slowness in rendering assistance in specific instances.....The fault lies not in those things which the government has or has not done; is going to do, or is NOT going to do -- but in the fact that the mass of the public cares not one whit whether the



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present (or any) administration acts intelligently or otherwise; acts with foresight or hindsight; takes the long view or the short -- so long as it does not affect HIS pocket book, or so long as he is kept in ignorance of how government action or inaction is affecting HIS or HER way of life.....Whatever is wrong with the picture is the fault of the people.... Government action or lack of action merely reflects the public's own lackadaisical and indifferent attitude to the problems of the day.....

Why should the government spend 70 millions building a railroad to the Peace River when it is urged by only a comparative handful of people in northern B.C. while the vast majority are completely indifferent to the proposal? Why spend fifty millions pushing a railroad into the Groundhog coal fields when most people are content to pay high prices and the mountain differential for inferior Alberta coal?

Why should our government actively assist in establishing a steel mill in the west capable of supplying our western needs when the B.C. public doesn't bat an eyelash at having to 'import' 90% of all its metal manufactured goods from the U.S. or eastern Canada? Why should the government do a score of other things when the public, by its every action, indicates that it doesn't give a damn one way or another -- but merely asks to be allowed to carry on its preconceived plan in blissful ignorance? Why expect the government to be progressive and look ahead, when we the public are in the main looking down, or sideways, and even behind us?

There is something radically wrong with the foregoing picture of backwardness - but it stems from the fact that westerners (British Columbians) on the whole, lack the aggressive spirit that is necessary to win out over tough opposition and apparently insurmountable problems and very often do things completely backwards. For instance: as lower mainland coal reserves dwindled, the government chose that time to place all undeveloped coal resources under reserve -- thus hindering the free development of new domestic supplies. But in doing this it merely reflected what the public as a whole is prone to do on occasion -- albiet on a smaller scale.

An example of this can be had in Prince George, B.C., where for the past two years the commissioners and various public organizations have been very much concerned with the need for getting a plentiful supply of cheap electrical power **in order to attract new industry to this key city and in order to boost industrial development of the resources of the dis-**trict. To this end they have all but committed the city to a debt of two million dollars in order to construct a hydro-electric power plant on a nearby river. One of their ambitions is to have sufficient reserve power to be able to supply a pulp mill. Their objectives are excellent. Prince George will undoubtedly one day be as large a city, or larger, than Edmonton, because it is strategically located at the future crossroads of central B.C.

While city officials were busy with hydro-electric surveys and plans, Bowron Coal Company officials announced in the press of that city that part of their plan consisted of putting in a large steam-electric plant at their mine capable of supplying the city of Prince George (and all points in between along the proposed power line) with all the electric power it would require for years to come (including power for a pulp mill) at a cost as low as the city could produce power in their own proposed hydro-electric plant. The company had engaged competent engineers to determine every last detail of the costs involved and were assured adequate finances for the project providing they could obtain a franchise from the city.

Civic officials, acting in much the same manner as our government does occasionally, ignored the announcement and pushed onward at great expense with their hydro plans. If it carries out its plan, the city of Prince George will be indebted for many years to come. Its credit will be strained to the maximum and there will be little left for public parks, a sewage system or other civic improvements -- **and they will have defeated their purpose** -- for the Bowron coal field is the one known mineral deposit in the area -- and a franchise for electric power is the one thing which, quicker than anything else, would put the field into large scale production in a very short time -- and thereby add an additional payroll to the district. Given a franchise, the Bowron Coal Company would immediately have the finances to build the plant, which would require a road to the railhead, thereby providing the means whereby Bowron River coal could be marketed on the coast. The city of Prince George would have power at as low a rate as it would were it to build its own hydro-electric plant -- and its **credit would not be impaired**; its financial reserves could be used for civic improvements within the city limits.

If the city does NOT grant the above franchise it will slow down the development of the coal field immeasurably -- yet there is not one citizen of Prince

continued on page 88-B

Trans-Canada Highway System

by ALLAN RONAGHAN

Reprinted from the Tofield, Alta. 'SODBUSTER'

My country has taken a beating during the past couple of years from men who call themselves Canadians. These men have been statesmen, politicians, historians, professors and members of other professions. They have all shown a willingness to express themselves in the public press. They have all shown a remarkable similarity of viewpoint on the subject of Canada, her past, her present and her future. They have nearly all shown a tendency to express themselves in negative terms. Every time I pick up a magazine or newspaper somebody is at it again.

Somebody deplores ''The lack of a national consciousness''. Somebody regrets ''that we have no awareness of Canada as a nation''. Someone says

(1) For how many more years will signssuch ss that shown above be
(1) For how many more years will signs such as the one shown above be posted on what should be Canada' No.1 Trans-Canada Highway?
(2) Past the sign(located west of Jasper) the road leads into a beautiful valley teeming with game.

the country is ''mediocre''. Someone else says we must ''strive to emulate'' this or that ideal, this or that country. Everybody is analyzing the country and coming up with gloomy conclusions and predictions.

''We've failed'' in this, ''We're lacking'' in that, they say. ''We could have ''done this'', we might have ''done that'', they say -- but we didn't.

Magazine articles are published with titles like ''Whither Now?'' and ''Satellite or Nation?'' or ''Failure or Question Mark?'' Finally somebody delivers the crowning achievement in the realm of predictions -- ''If Canada is to become great,'' he says, ''she must look to the future with shining eyes'' or indulge in some other equally motionless activity. Thus goes the nation's oratory; this is the gist of the country's writing.

And the farmer, the fisherman, the lumberman, the hard-rock miner are puzzled by it all and look in vain for an answer to it all.

In my own experience I have known several periods of time to be called by names. There were the ''hungry thirties'' and the ''war forties''. In my reading I have discovered such eras as that of ''the full dinner pail'', the time of ''the two-car garage''. In Canada today we have the ''period of shiny pants'' for our friends the gloom-gatherers have struck the dominant note of this period and the work they've been doing is a sitting-down job!

I call a halt to it all. In the building of a country it is not enough to ''deplore''or to ''regret''. We must think, have faith in ourselves and act.

But ''where there is smoke there is fire'' runs the adage. If all these men whom I have mentioned have chosen to write on a subject with a similar treatment there must be a reason for it. And there is. I believe all people in Canada have had a feeling of frustration at one time or another over the slowness with which things have come about since the war. During the war we had a goal toward which much

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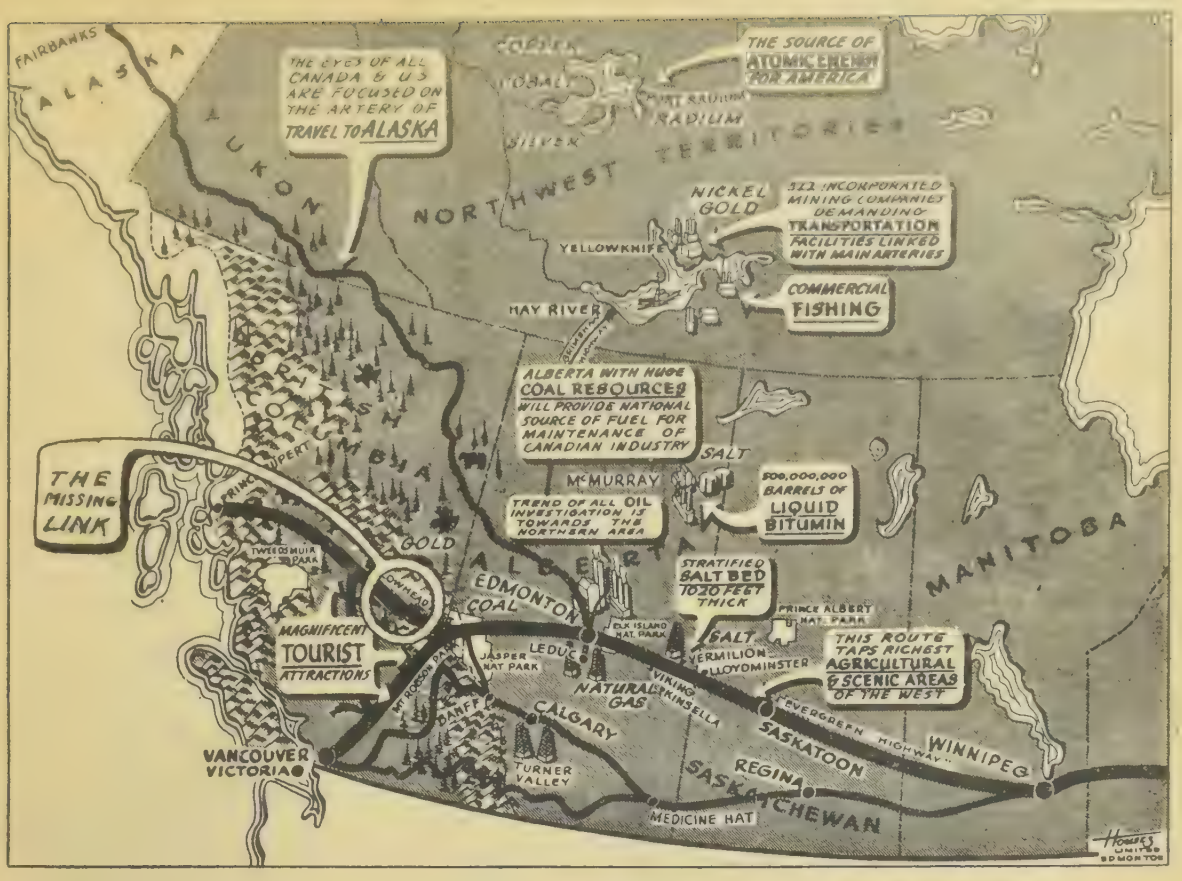

ted into one great ambition. Now, as before the war, there is no goal toward which the nation can work. The difference between the post-war and pre-war feeling is significant however. Before the war nothing was happening but we were a "small nation anyway". We found out during the war just how much there was in us. And we are not happy about the state of affairs at present. The government has provided us with scant leadership, allowing us to go along, each man for himself, earning his own living pretty much in his own way. That is perhaps as it should be but I suggest that it is not enough. We know that there are things to be done in this new country and we know that they are not being done. How do we know it? Our friends the gloom-gatherers have told us, reminded us, then told us again. In the building of a nation there are things and ideas that are needed and must be had or the spirit of the nation suffers. It has been the job of the gloom-gatherers to tell us about them. It is now the job of others to suggest, to stimulate thought, to stir action, so that the missing ideas and things may be supplied.

Further west the road deteriorates into the trail shown above.

I have twice mentioned the goal I suggest -- the building of the nation. Some will think this statement superfluous. I do not. Our leaders have talked around it in general terms, never in specific ones. We have talked of our families, our communities, of our provinces. I suggest that we talk

continued on page 40-A

The FIRST in a series of yarns about "Cariboo Dutchie" -- in which he gives the reader in his own unapproachable style, some of the highlights of a highly varied and colorful career -- a career which has cast him in the role of everything from real-estate agent to trapper, rancher, merchant, fur buyer, mechanic, salesman and antique dealer.

"CARIBOO DUTCHIE" takes out a "hot" prospect

by FRED (Cariboo Dutchie) LANGELER

"Are you Mr. Fred Langeler?"
"Yep, that's me folks. Come in and sit down."

This was the formal (and innocent) manner in which a conversation was begun in my office (located in the Cariboo Digest Bldg.) one morning during the summer of 1947.

A prosperous looking small family consisting of a young gentleman and his wife and young daughter approached me in the above manner at the opening hour of my Real Estate office. After they were comfortably seated I was asked by my prospective customer if I had any good farms for sale fully equipped not too far from town and close to school, etc. etc.

Naturally after I smelled a good sale there I immediately strew my sales abilities combined with my listings of farms in high gear and proceeded in my usual shy manner to ask how much they would like to spend for such a place as no doubt I had something that would suit them. They informed me that they wanted immediate occupation. That is in at least a couple of weeks if they found what they wanted and that they could not go over $7000.00.

When the last figure was released in a whisper I seen the Digest boys prick up their ears and with their understanding of my abilities to sell and knowing that I had a good choice of such a place, they immediately offered to take care of my office if I liked to take the folks around. I showed the prospective customers an assortment of the farms they might want to see and made a list of the same. We proceeded on our journey equipped with their cameras my lunches and a good will on both sides to get some more good new settlers in our vicinity of Quesnel as they informed me that they had sold their place in the state of Washington and they were now ready to buy here.

We arrived at the first place on our list at about ten A.M. and proceeded after introductions to the owner to cover his half section of land on foot.

First we invaded his house which was in a turmoil at the prospect of selling and the visitors agreed that they loved the house so they took pictures of the family, the house, the barn, the cows and anything which would make a possible picture, even one of myself.

They were all in the air about the location of the place and also its great possibilities, and I figured out in my mind already what I would do with the nice commission of this sale as I could use it for fixing up my own house.

Buyer and Seller and poor Middleman (myself) felt all in a great mood after such great cooperative feeling and we proceeded back into the house for a fine cup of coffee with fine home made bread and jam and the Cariboo got another great boost from our visitors across the line. After this enjoyable get together I figured on a sale right there first crack, but the $7000.00 party thought that before making up their minds that they would like to see some more of our great country, which was understandable, so we proceeded to load up again and made

for the next farm about 5 miles from the first one. We went through the necessary introduction to this owner and his family who all stopped working to greet the visitors and they went immediately back to the procedure of again taking pictures of various elements on the scene (they started on their second roll of film). We decided that the visitors' girl better remain under the good care of the farmer's wife while we started another journey of walking over a half section of land with the usual obstacles of stumps, fallen trees, old creek beds, as these visitors took a rare interest in the undeveloped beauties of the farm.

After a mile or so walk we arrived home again at the farmhouse and so help me it was close to dinnertime and the table was loaded with the finest of food for the hungry visitors and we accepted their great hospitality and during this recess of cross country racing we really felt fine and the visitors proceeded telling us all that this place was even better than the preceeding one although it was a higher price. I immediately had visions of a greater commission to help towards my expenditures on this deal.

Everybody feeling so fine again after this good meal and looking for a close of this deal the happy visitors asked me if it would be too much trouble (as we were now quite a ways up the road) to just have a final look at another place, although they were sure that this was the place they wanted.

Thinking the afternoon just got started I agreed to show them some more of my good listings. After parting greetings to our happy farmer and assuring him that we would be back either today or tomorrow for closing the deal, we departed for further explorations of the great land of agriculture.

My clients were really enjoying themselves and my sales abilities (by that time including my fast talking towards making a satisfactory sale) were down a little, but I was ready

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for the next place. I unloaded my happy family at the third place (by that time we were about 19 miles out in the country). My customer reminded me that he now (after discussing it with his wife) did not mind being out from town a little further and even thought it might be better.

This next farm got a good going over by my prospects who by this time started on their third roll of film and I was getting suspicious what all that filming was for as their supply seemed inexaustable. Maybe they were writers or something unusual.

We began another crosscountry race as the most of this place consisted of undeveloped land. I mean it was not undeveloped in coulies, draws and deadfalls and little creeks. My marathon party which was making this survey was shrunk down to the gentleman visitor, the farmer and myself, as the female part of our party was in a near state of collapse after covering 2 half sections of rough terrain. Even my own 225 pound started to be too much for my own feet, but the visitor's endurance (he was a skinny kind of person) was not diminishing at all and I was getting my suspicion if he had training in this kind of work.

I asked him what he thought of this place and to my astonishment he explained that this place should be added on his choice which made the old farmer beam with appreciation and the 3 of us were still in a huddle when we arrived happy but tired at the house again where the ladies had another lunch prepared for us all. I needed no coaching as my appetite had considerably developed after our last crosscountry hike.

I did not have to do any talking to impress my prospects with the possibilities of this farm as it seemed that my customer was doing all the boosting to such an extent that I even started considering to buy the place myself if he did not take it. I was for the first time in my life baffled with such conditions and I thought when we would make for home now, he would tell me which of the farms he would take as I did not know myself anymore which was the best to buy after his recommendations of every one I had

shown him, and I was seriously considering to approach him (as the great booster of the country he was) and to give him a pardnership in my business as he had me beat in salesmanship.

We departed from the owner leaving him in illusions of an immediate retirement as the promise was that he would hear from us in the morning.

So I turned my car to return to Quesnel when my able client asked me if I had not mentioned a place to him on my listings which was on the main road, and it certainly would not be much trouble to look it over roughly as we were going that way anyway.

To be the good salesman and being assured of a sale, I assured him that I would be glad to do him this little favour although he would not like this place as good as the previous ones I had shown him as it was off the main road and the development was very small and it was up a little mountain.

He told me that he heard me mention something of a creek being on this place with trout in it and just for such occasions he had taken his fishing rod with him and after such an enjoyable day of hiking and taking pictures, this would really top it off if he could catch a few nice fish and he would love the country so much more knowing that he could find such relaxation close to the farm he intended to buy (I did not know which farm he meant as he seemed to like them all). Away we went into this unexplored part of my upcountry listings as I never had been at this particular place, but I had an awful hunch of troubles.

First I had to find the owner to show us around as he did not live at this particular place but at his main farm and I was advised at his home that he was out haying, but he should be back anytime so while we were waiting my marathon client decided to have a look around the home place and give me his advice on what he thought was wrong with the land and how it was farmed and the method he would use in improving the buildings, fences and the clearing etc. During this discussion he got the bright idea that it would be allright to meet the farmer and his hayrack and we

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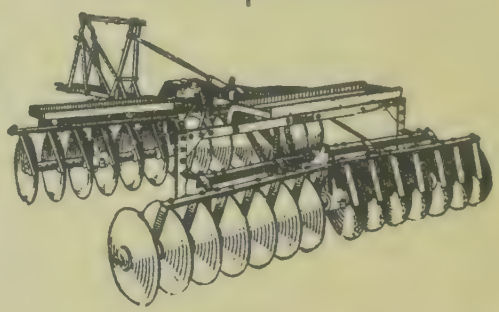

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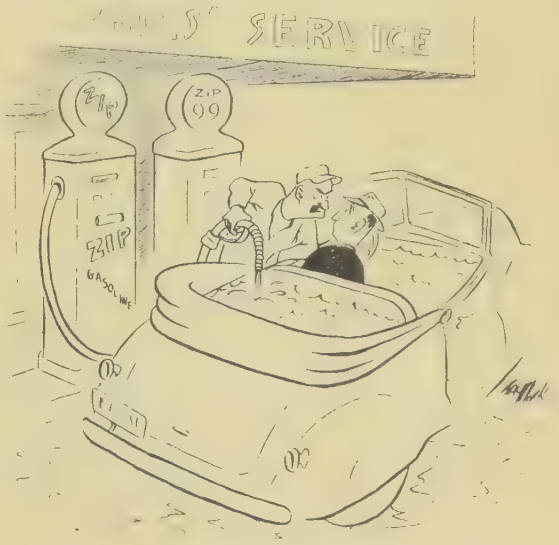
could ride back on top of the load and being a better talker than I was we started on what turned out to be a 2 mile hike and my aching bones were protesting pretty heavy, till we spotted our man coming over a knol and I was thinking about the soft bed I was going to make in the nice smelling hay on top of the load and hoping that I could close my eyes and ears to the continuous stream of vocables of my customer.

We exchanged the usual cordialities when the hayrack came to a halt and the farmer climbed down from this monstrous load of hay and I knew in a flash that I was in for a nice stroll back as the farmer explained that he was going to walk himself as the trip was tough on the horses, and as far as I was concerned the return trip was all a man could ask for to have agonies in perfection. My honourable unexaustable skinny client was in the best of mood and as fresh as a daisy and he even asked for permission to drive the horses and talked to us in a continuous stream of words and the consideration of pardnership with him came more firmly in my mind at an even smaller consideration than I had thought of before, but then what was the use of thinking about such a thing as he was a born farmer and he was buying a farm from me and business was business.

We even helped unload the hay (not with a sling but with the good old pitchfork and my tonnage did not look very good standing there idle so I offered my service also and against faint hopes of refusal I got my pitchfork and my reducing progress of this strenuous day was continued from long distance walking and racing to pitching hay and Lo, behold! when we went back to the house and the women folks, here was the old Cariboo hospitality staring us in the face again and by golly I found out that my tired body could take a little nourishment again and I noticed that there was no protest on my customer's side and I was wondering how he did continue to keep his stream lined figure, because if he could eat like the sample he gave me this trip, he must have inclinations like that all the time, but he blamed the Cariboo air for this and I naturally believed him.

To my disappointment the farmer told us that he could not come with us, but he would draw us a little map how to get there, wich did not sound good to me as I had just about enough of exploring and no intentions for discoveries with faint directions on home made maps. But it was so wonderful up this little mountain, that my friend should not miss this and fish, oh boy! and not to forget the berries and we should pick some while we were there. What would my protest amount to when they were all in favour to go and after all they were my clients and they were going to settle here and I should be able to take a day off for a nice commission. I was advised by the owner of this mountain ranch to take a few precautions, (just a few) as taking the little hill in low gear, watch certain turns for logging trucks, open a few gates, turn here, turn there, watch for a certain bull on the loose, watch for soft spots in the GOOD ROAD, etc.

After all these instructions and



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warnings I was wondering if this would be anything to show my enthusiastic new settlers and if my insurance on my car and my life would cover such a hazardous trek in the unknown, but after a glance at my untiring companions, they certainly were in favour of this expedition and as the place was very low in price he would consider buying this place as an addition to his farm, wich sounded reasonable. Full of visions of additional commissions, my racked brain could not assume such wealth. So we started out on our new journey full of vague instructions and dangers and I had a final look at my car and hoped for the best as after all this was promising and sure business and on the strength of this I could even afford to bust up the old buss a little as that would be expense for my Income Tax...

The little hill was approached soon and turned out to be a nice little mountain and up we went hoping we would not meet a logging truck and when we reached one of the dangerspots where we had to climb about straight up and my old car was groaning to the top, right there was a monstrous big loaded logging truck coming at us and I had no choice but to make for the ditch and what a ditch and to make this first obstacle story short, we spent about an hour shovelling and cutting a good size load of poles to fill the hole we disappeared in, while my noble companion stood by and kept advising me how to get out of this perdicament.

After this contest of endurance with mud and poles, I thought he would be ready to turn around and forget about this mountain listing of mine, but fishing and berry picking and an extra cheap place to buy got my $7000.00 client and his sightseeing family, and we continued without mishap to the top of this little HILL where we had to turn off onto a country road and only 2 more miles to go.

I opened the first gate and closed it. I opened and closed the second gate, till I lost track of gates and winding roads, while my visitors were relaxed in the car and only climbed out to take some more of their inexaustable supply of pictures, they

were on their fourth roll and ready for the fifth.

We bounced over a mile of rocks and when the bouncing got too rough I thought I better have a look at the rear of my vehicle and there it was a flat, so I unloaded for the twentieth time my begrimed and abused body out of the car and under his valuable advice I changed the tire and we made for the homestretch which was in view now; we all hopped out except myself, I fell out of the car. I tried to persuade him to take a look around himself as I did not know much about the joint and cared at this time less if I sold it or not and I would like to take a little rest as I sure did not want to start exploring at this stage of the game and in the condition I was in. In the meantime the afternoon had slipped by and we could not spend too much time as he had to admit himself it would not leave him much time for fishing. The lady and her daughter had already discovered some good berry picking for which they had obtained some tin containers from the last farmer.

Where is the creek he asked me? Well I did not know, so would I be so good and help him to locate it and then I could rest while he took in the nice trout and the rest of the party got the berries.

By this time I was treated by them as an oldtime Pal and I was called 'Freddy boy' and being such great new friends I could not refuse to help him locate his fishing grounds and I had my doubts if I belonged to the fish family myself.

We could see an old log building and some clearing around it, so we made for this as there should be the creek as a man would want his water close by the house. Well up to date nobody ever found a creek there as yet, but us not knowing this we proceeded our locating if you know what that means. Skinny and myself added additional miles to the ones covered already that day, but no creek. He had evidently no interest in the development of the place only the fishing part of it and he persisted in dragging my tired body to the next likeable spot and at last after my continuous warning that the time was getting by and we

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had to get back to town yet sometime before midnight. He gave up and we returned to where we left his wife and daughter, but they did not seem to be where we left them and we got no answer to our calling and immediately he got worried about bears and bulls on the loose, wolfs and other wild animals who might have followed and even consumed the balance of his family. With his convincing abilities, he had me worried too as it was getting dark and the poor berry-picking females might have got lost so we run around the most likeable spots in semy darkness calling for them but no answer. I had one little satisfaction and well that Skinny was getting played out himself, but worry about his family made him cover the territory twice as fast as I could till we heard some faint calling from the direction of our car wich was left at the gate of the property quite a distance from the house and after our last brisk trot to the car, here they were cozy in the car with cans full of berries and wondering where we had been all this time.

The 2 heads of the family started a minor family quarrel with the little girl who was tired adding to the little spat with a good sounding loud voice.

I dragged what was left of me behind the wheel and got the bus heading for the homestrech wich looked different at night than in daylight and I continued to open and close gates, climb in and out of the car till I thought that I was getting punished for my sins and I was not on this earth anymore, except the reality of my new pal relaxed in the back to the car. To my great surprise we landed in a deadend farmers yard, from where the whole family came running out looking for so late visitors in this no mans land.

After I explained where I was trying to go, he told us that we were all out of direction and that I had to go back to so and so's place, open this gate and that gate, etc.

We got our map out and after some furious examining we discovered that we never had set foot on the farm we wanted to see at all, so consequently we never found a creek and he had no fishing.

After being put right how to get out of this jungle of roads and gates and my client seeing the haggard look on my face, offered to help open the last gate barriers on the home stretch and after many arguments of direction we did arrive at last on the little mountain road and I sure left this

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last tangle in a hurry.

Safely on the main road my good spirits returned to me and I reminded my visitors of the little lunch which I had obtained for us all before we left town. This was my little goodwill to prospective customers. Right there I got another surprise as the tired ladies explained to me, when they returned to the car after the berry picking they had consumed my little lunch without leaving as much as a smell for me. My new 'pal' had a guilty look himself and I do not know today if he helped himself also.

Without mishap, and hungry again we arrived in town. I should mention that on the return trip to town my new client and 'pal' slackened considerably in his praise of the great Cariboo, and I tried with my tired voice and above the noise of the car engine to keep him purked up so I could at least close a deal on one of these so highly praised farms.

To top off a successful day, I thought, and being so late anyway, I invited the honourable family in for a bite to eat at one of our local restaurants so we could at least sit quietly and make final arrangements of purchase.

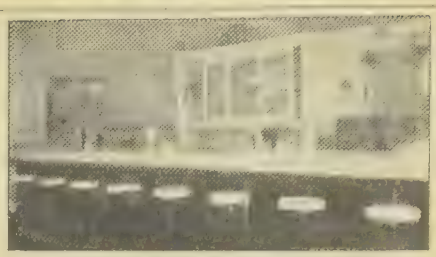
My selling abilities had dwindled by this time and even his vocal cords were wore out and we finished our meal in complete silence.

Generously I footed the bill and got my customers in the car again to proceed to my last stronghold, my office, and I cordially invited them in and this is what happened.....

They all clambered out all smiles for this last bit of their strategy, and after patting me on the back as 'Freddy boy' and telling me how they had enjoyed themselves, and how they no doubt would buy a farm from me, but that they could not make a decision as yet as they wanted to see Prince George, and I would not mind waiting till they returned in a couple of days. They would never forget this fine day they had with me, and the valuable information they had obtained from me about the Cariboo ;-- and let's not forget the pictures they took to remember this day by.

I could not find an answer to an

Wells-Barkerville



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outburst of such gratitude, and their final words of distruction of my illusions of a sale were -- ''We have to see Prince George, and if we do not see you on our return, WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT YEAR, PAL.''

It was like coming out of an anaesthetic when I found myself standing alone on the street in front of my office, which was at this time of the night in darkness.

A late bypassing friend stopped and looked me over and said, ''Where the H. have you been? Look at yourself all mud, and you look sick.'' I assured him that I was O.K. and made for home where my little wife was just in the procedure of getting the police and starting a search party, as I never come home that late without advising her. I was ashamed to tell her where I had been and she had to smell my breath before she would believe me that I would make such a terrible endeavour to sell a farm, and without a bit of sympathy from her I crawled in bed and dreamt about horrible skinny customers chasing me over mountains with millions of gates to open.

In conclusion of this I can tell you that I had the little minor cost of installing a new clutch in the car for the rough usage it got trying to get out of the ditch and outside of cleaning my suit I was only minus a few dollars for gas and oil and a broken body (my own body I mean).

It took me a few days to get over this exercise of showing farms, to customers who really know how to use a guy like myself who is willing to help establish a free travel bureau in the Cariboo.

I sold 2 of these farms since, and I believe the thanks should go to my guest who gave me more information about these listings than I thought I could ever obtain.

This true story is not against any of our American neighbours, but just an incident which will happen in a Real Estate Agent's life in the Cariboo, **but try and catch me again!**

TRANS- CANADA HIGHWAY SYSTEM

continued from page 29

a little about the building of the nation.

From the maze of topics that suggest themselves I'm going to discuss one and my reasons for choosing it will become clear.

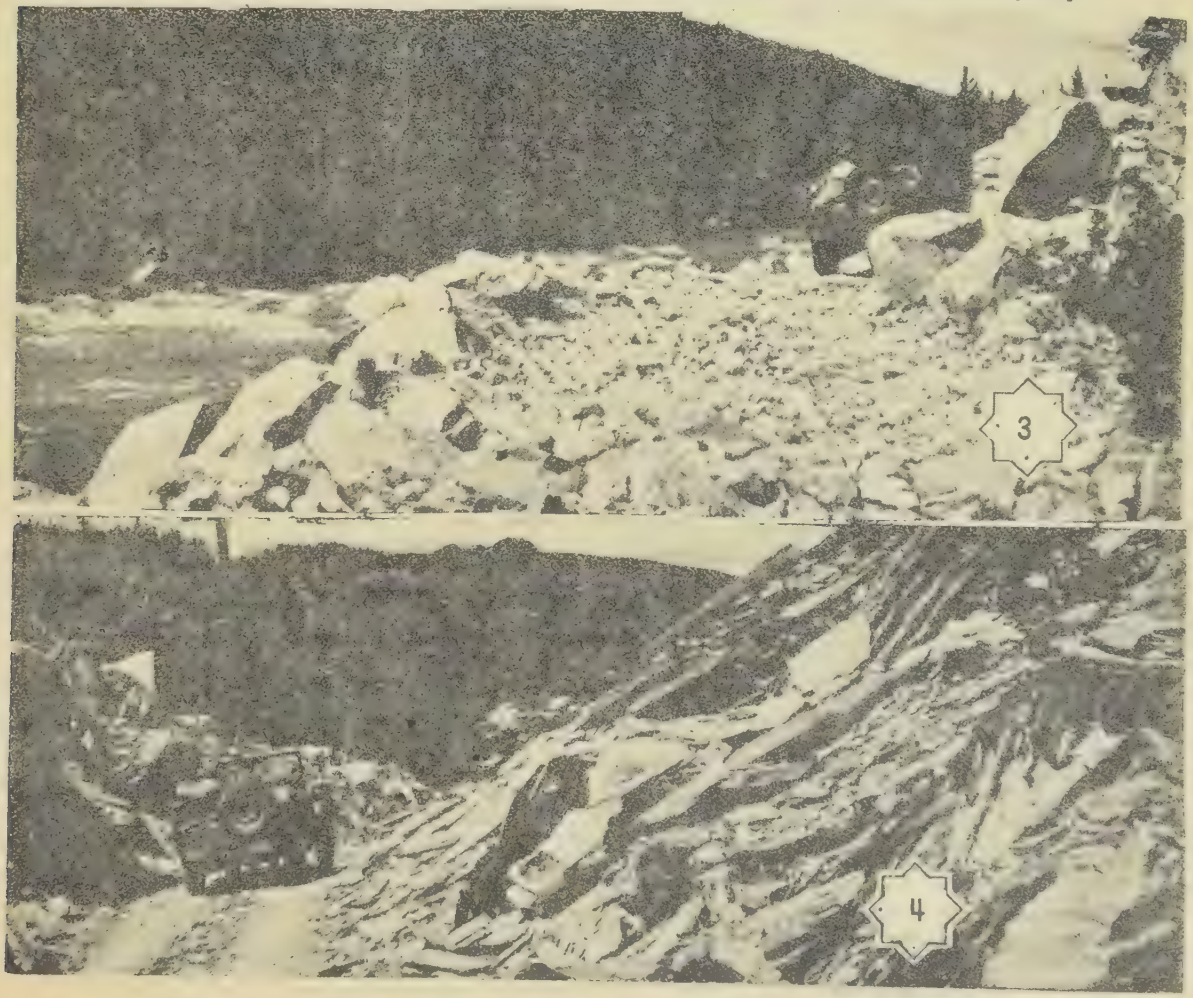
Trans-Canada Highway System

Nobody will question the value of a highway as a factor tending to unify a nation. Such peoples as the Romans found highways indispensable in the administration of Empires. Throughout history roads have played a very important part in the affairs of nations. In time of war, roads were often decisive factors in victory and defeat, the ability of an army to move swiftly being determined by the state of the roads. They have been decisive factors in economy as well, allowing the swift flow of goods from place to place in times of shortage, and at all times contributing to a higher standard of living.

In modern times the first major contribution to transportation brought about by the Industrial Revolution was the railway arising from the development of the steam engine. The railway was largely responsible for the growth of many modern nations, such as the United States, and every Canadian knows the contribution of the railway systems to the development of Canada. Without them the existence of Canada, as a nation, would be impossible

But the Industrial Revolution continued and brought into being the automobile which democratized transportation and made it possible for the family to travel as a unit, independent of schedules or other people's whims. The family, as a travelling unit became dependent only upon the

(3) and (4) - The road on to McBride is passable to Jeeps but can hardly be called a highway.



initiative of fuel companies to supply gasoline to all regions, inhabited or not, and upon the planning of highway departments.

Canada has not kept pace with the Industrial Revolution. Today it is not possible to travel in Canada from coast to coast by car speedily or safely or in comfort.To avoid travelling over rough roads, motorists make long detours through the United States to get from one province to another. Motorists leaving Edmonton, for example, to go to Winnipeg, often go by way of Montana and North Dakota, hundreds of miles out of their way simply because the roads in the United States are superior. Now travelling through the United States may do wonders for international relations but it certainly does nothing for interprovincial or national relations. Did I say nothing? I was wrong. It hinders and damages national relations for the simple reason that a Canadian who has to go to another part of Canada via the United States suffers from a drop of morale and loses pride in his own country the moment he bounces back with a jolt onto the ''washboard'' gravel of his own country.

To keep pace with the Industrial Revolution Canada must create a Federal Highway Department. That department must have as its purpose the planning and building, in conjunction with provincial departments, not of a Trans-Canada Highway only, but a Trans-Canada Highway System.

Over a long period of years suggestions have been made concerning a Trans-Canada Highway and repeated representations have been made to the government concerning such a highway. These efforts have often come to nothing, as different regions have held different views as to where the highway should be built, and have in effect, worked against each other. This was inevitable. In Alberta and Saskatchewan, for example, the settled area reaches what is perhaps its greatest width in Canada. It is

(continued on page 88-A)

(5) to (10) Eastward towards McBride there is great variety in road conditions, 5&6,. The streams are an angler's paradise.

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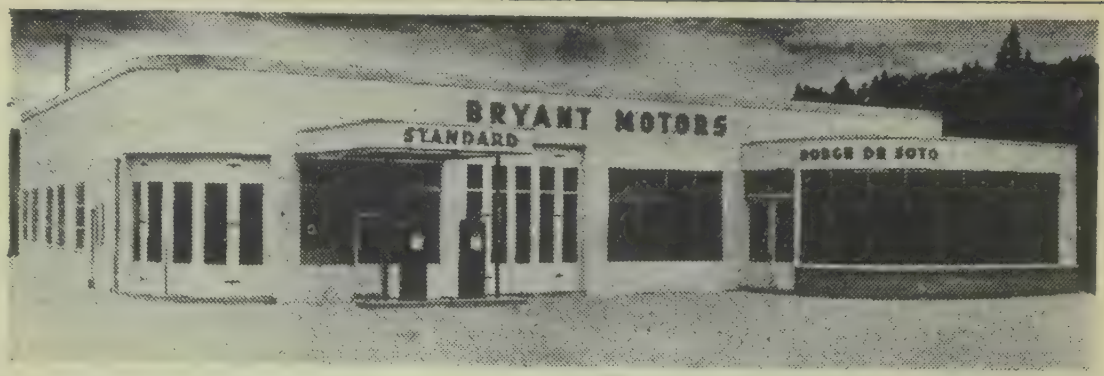

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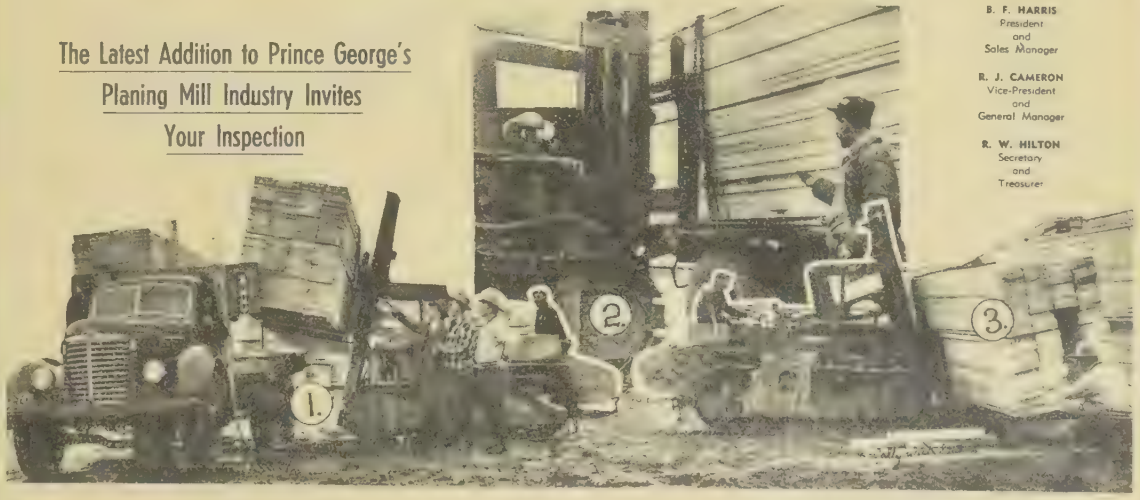

1. Catmobile unloading lumber
2. Closeup of unloading operation
3. Catmobile piling lumber

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Valiant Jean

THE MOST BURIED WOMAN IN CARIBOO

by MARY ELIZABETH COLMAN

Her friends in Glengarry must have thought that Jean Cameron was quite crazy when she announced her intention of accompanying her husband, John, to the gold fields in the far off Cariboo. It is easy to imagine some of the things they said, the same things that have always been said to the staunch women who have followed their men to the far corners of the earth all down the ages.

"You'll die on the way, no woman could endure the hardships of the long voyage!"

"If you ever do arrive you'll be massacred by wild Indians."

This was a real danger in 1858. A good many miners were killed in skirmishes with the Indians along the old trail that followed the Fraser River to the Cariboo. But Jean was not afraid of Indians; she counted on John to protect her. John was strong, John was brave and wise; she would be safe with John.

"But," her friends must have said, "what sort of a place will you come to, supposing you survive the hardships of the journey and the arrows of the Indians? Will there be any other white women there?"

Certainly she wouldn't find many. There seem to have been only four married white women in all that vast region between 1858 and 1863, but the lack of companionship did not daunt Jean Cameron--she was determined to follow her husband and nothing could dissuade her.

Her sister gave her a Paisley shawl. With swimming eyes and tearful voice she told Jean that here was something to keep her warm in the terrible northern winter; something beautiful to remind her of home. Jean accepted the shawl gratefully but calmly, and if she shivered at the thought of the long, lonely winter, not a tremor crept into her voice as she thanked her sister.

What sort of a woman was Mrs. Cameron? What did she look like? Was her name Jean? She is always referred to as 'Mrs. Cameron', sometimes even as 'Mrs. John A. Cameron'; but Jean is a staunch name, a valient name, and it seems to fit the brave woman who was always called 'Mrs. Cameron'. She must have had a dignity that was gentle and strong and demanded the formal name even from the rough miners when they spoke of her. Married women were always addressed as 'Mrs.', but they were often spoken of differently. Everyone knew Scotch Jeannie, for instance, the big good-natured woman who went over the canyon edge while driving a buggy -- they'll show you the spot to this day, and speak of her as Jeannie -- but no one ever spoke of Mrs. Cameron by her first name.

You can picture her a small, neat woman, with an expression at once gentle and obstinate. Her hair would be dressed in a low knot at the nape of her neck with two long curls, one at each side of her face. Her snuff-brown dress had a tight fitting basque bodice buttoned all down the front and a full skirt. Over her shoulders she wore the beautiful Paisley shawl which supplied warmth and gave a soft glow of colour to the otherwise drab costume.

The journey was long. It must have been trying for the young woman who had probably never before been twenty miles from her home. John made the voyage as easy for his young wife as he could; he was solicitous for her comfort and talked endlessly of the fortune they

would make in the gold mines of the distant El Dorado that was the Cariboo. Perhaps they planned to return East and buy a fine house, a great estate where little Jean would live like a queen in a fairy tale.

At last they reached Victoria and embarked, after a rest, on one of the steamers of the United States Pacific Mail Steamship Company, perhaps the 'Enterprise', for Yale, in the Fraser Canyon.

The 'Enterprise' is an odd looking craft to modern eyes. An old picture shows her low rakish hull with an elongated stern supporting a paddle wheel, a box-like superstructure upon which the pilot house is perched like a pepper-pot, right forward, and in the bow a tall flag-pole which towers almost as high as the single smokestack. Somehow it doesn't look a very comfortable ship.

However the Camerons embarked and arrived in due time at Yale. This was as far as the steamer went. Here the great Fraser Canyon placed an effective bar to navigation. The Cariboo road was not yet built, so Jean Cameron and her husband must have followed the old Brigade trail and the Indian trails that the packers used. Three trips were made in a season, and from Yale to Quesnel Forks the journey took about twenty-eight days. Fifteen miles a day was good going.

It all sounds very difficult and primitive, but an old lady whose father took part in the gold rush, and who knew the Camerons, says that her father used to relate that at one of the stopping places travellers were served meals on the finest of French china, and were entertained in the evening by piono solos played by their hostess. So we may suppose that Jean Cameron rested in just such an oasis on the long journey north which took her as far as Barkerville. The exact place where the Camerons lived, named Camerontown after John, no longer exists--it has been buried by tailings from mining operations on Williams Creek.

They built a log house and settled down -- John to prospecting and mining, Jean to keeping house. There were no other married women to keep her company. There were Indians of course, and white women who frequented the saloons and gambling establishments of which there were so many. Mostly German in origin, these women came from San Francisco and for ''a money consideration'' as Judge Howay delicately puts it, danced with all comers. Respectable married women such as Jean Cameron would have nothing to do with these ''hurdy-gurdy'' girls. Their morals, however, were above reproach, and a local poet said of them--

They danced at night in dresses light,
Free late until the early, O!
But oh! their hearts were hard as flint,
Which vexed the laddies sairly, O!

The dollar was their only love,
And that they lo'ed full dearly, O!
They dinna care a flea for men,
Let them court hoo'er sincerely, O!

Bonnie are the hurdies, O!
The German hurdy-gurdies, O!
The daftest hour that e'er I spent
Was dancin' wi' the hurdies, O!

In spite of this bitter reproach, it is only fair to say that most of the girls eventually married miners and their

'You should have seen the one that got away!'

descendents are respected and successful inhabitants of the Cariboo today.

No doubt John Cameron frequented the bars and danced with pretty hurdy-gurdies, for a monetary consideration, but certainly Jean was never seen in such a place. Her days must often have been lonely, though of course she was busy with housekeeping and with encouraging John as the months went by and he toiled in vain. Gold is capricious. A man might strike pay-dirt, and his neighbour working on the next claim work forever without reward.

As the autumn days drew in most miners left the Cariboo for Victoria. It was considered impossible to work the mines in winter because of the cold and the danger of starvation. The rivers and streams froze and the winter snow was deep. No one from the outside could get in, and whoever stayed at Camerontown would be completely isolated for months, except for the infrequent visit of Indians.

John Cameron was persuaded that there was gold on his claim, though others called it 'Humbug Claim'. John was a fanatic. He believed in his mine, and Jean must have believed too, for they decided to stay all winter, and John hired as many men as would stay to work for him. His negro cook he kept only by dint of threatening to shoot him if he deserted. Cameron bought up all the supplies he could get hold of, and anyone leaving could be sure of disposing of any left over provisions to John A. Cameron. Perhaps sixty men altogether stayed the winter, among them John's friend, Bob Stevenson.

It was a hard winter. Snow fell early and piled on the ground to remain until the next June. There was much sickness among the Indians. The Quesnel tribe

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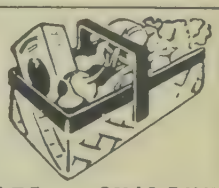

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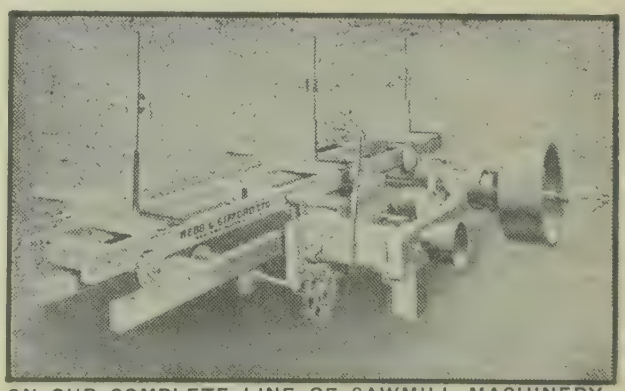

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were almost wiped out by an epidemic of smallpox and somehow Jean Cameron contracted the dreadful disease. Perhaps she gave shelter and a hot meal to some journeying Indian who had the sickness on him. In any case she did contract it and died in the arms of Bob Stevenson.

Where was John? Why was he not with his faithful wife in the hour of her extremity? Did the lure of gold keep him working in the cold depths of the mine even while Jean lay dying? Perhaps it did, for his subsequent actions seem those of a man tortured by remorse.

Bob Stevenson looked around the cabin for something on which to rest the ravaged face; the Paisley shawl was hanging on a nail, the shawl Jean's sister gave her in far away, safe Glengarry. Bob took it and made a pillow of it -- of its glowing colours, its soft warmth, for valient Jean Cameron, whose life went out in a lonely Cariboo cabin.

It was of course impossible to bury the body. The ground was frozen hard and deep in snow. So John and Bob wrapped it well and laid it in a shed adjoining the cabin where the intense cold would preserve it until they could make the journey to Victoria.

As soon as arrangements could be made the two men started out in the depth of winter, pulling the body of the dead woman on a sled after them. No one knows the details of that heroic and terrible journey, but it is said that superstitious Indians refused the men permission to join their encampments along the road when they knew what burden the sleigh carried. At last however John Cameron and his friend arrived in Victoria. There John had a metal coffin built and filled with

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alcohol to preserve the mortal remains of his Jean. She was buried in Victoria, and John returned at once to the gold fields, more determined than ever to make good for his wife's sake.

It was that spring, the spring of 1863, that he made his histolic strike, the greatest strike ever made in the Cariboo. It is said that gold was lying clear to be seen at the bottom of the sixteen-foot shaft, and that the claim yielded from forty to one hundred ounces of gold for each of three shifts a day!

In October of 1863 John Cameron came out with his share for three months. It has been variously estimated as being from fifty thousand dollars to a million; but Bob Stevenson used to say that "it was not a million, and it was a lot more than half a million," from which others have figured that it was probably between seven hundred and eight hundred thousand dollars.

When he reached Victoria, John Cameron had his wife's coffin removed from the cemetery and proceeded to take it home by way of Cape Horn. (Old timers say that he went by Panama, but considering the terrific difficulties such a route would have presented the writer finds this incredible.) How sad a contrast this melancholy voyage of the widowed miner, now rich in gold, but forever impoverished by his loss, with that of a few years ago when the young couple set forth for El Dorado poor in money but rich in hope and love. "Great difficulty attended each stage of the voyage," states one writer conservatively. But at last it was over and Jean was laid to rest in Cornwall, Ontario.

John proceeded to buy land and build an expensive house -- the house where Jean was to have reigned like a queen -- and his extravagances shocked his thrifty neighbours. It was said that he lathed and plastered his stables; that he gave two-dollar tips to boys for holding his horse when he went into town. He said he had so much money it could never give out in his lifetime.

Soon very nasty rumours began to circulate. It was said first in whispers, then louder, that John Cameron had made his great fortune in unhallowed ways. He had, people declared, sold Jean to the Indians for a fabulous sum, and in the coffin -- the famous metal coffin -- reposed the body of an Indian squaw.

John A. Cameron was inclined to ignore this foolish and malicious tale when it came to his ears, but was persuaded by friends that he owed it to Jean to squelsh it. So poor Jean was again lifted from her resting place. The coffin was drained of its alcohol and opened. Jean's mortal remains were in perfect condition and as she lay in state hundreds of people passed by to see for themselves that Mrs. Cameron herself and no squaw lay there. Her sister recognised the Paisley shawl and all sinister stories were completely refuted. Jean was buried once more, to lie in peace at last -- surely the most buried woman in Canadian history.

John's money did not last his lifetime after all. Dishonest agents and careless business methods dissipated it, and he returned to the Cariboo gold fields to make another stake. But this time luck did not smile on him, and he died in poverty in 1888. His body rests in the little cemetary on Williams Creek overlooking the scene of his unparalleled success, but separated by four thousand miles from the last resting place of valient Jean.

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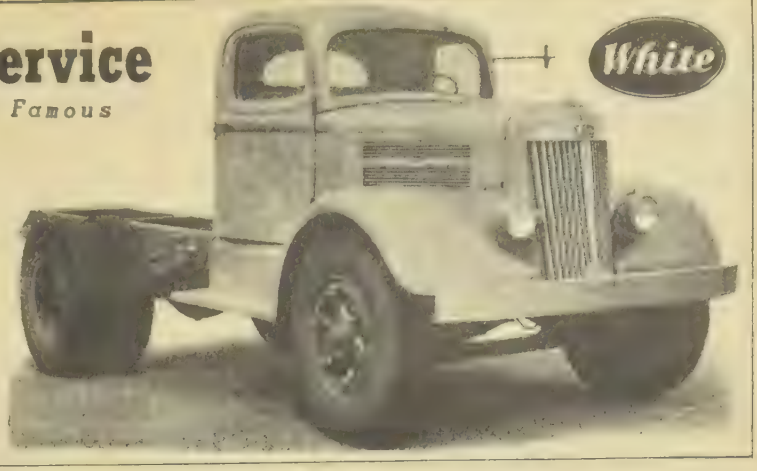

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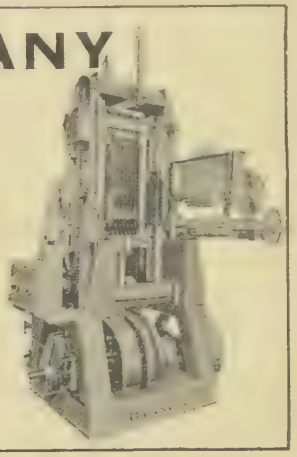

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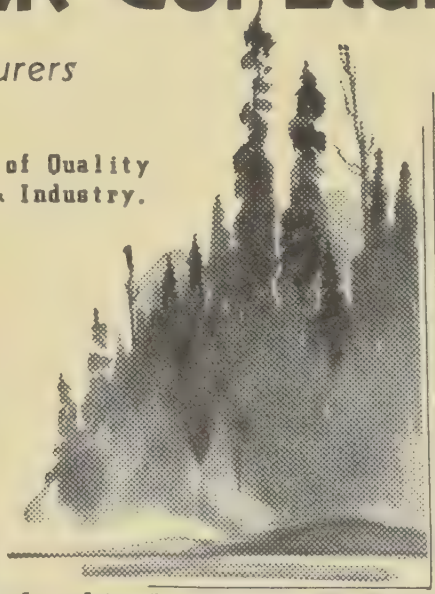

Aleza Lake, British Columbia

The NECHAKO VALLEY

Vanderhoof's Bird Sanctuary

by J. R. MacCRIMMON

Vanderhoof, and indeed, Canada, owe much to the foresight and initiative of the local Rod and Gun Club. In response to an application from this organization, Ottawa passed an Order in Council, September 12th, 1944, under the signature of His Excellency, the Governor General, under the Migratory Birds Conservation Act, establishing a Bird Sanctuary on the Nechako River, extending from the bridge north of the town, westward across sections 7, 8 and 9. This action had the approval of the Provincial Game Authorities.

This move, on the part of the Club, is the more note-worthy, since stiff opposition was met from certain local interests.

It would have been difficult fifteen years ago to find any informed and unprejudiced persons who held much hope for the survival of our migrating water-fowl. For years, these birds had been subject to over-shooting, their breeding grounds encroached on; invaded by hunters and predatory foes. Also, their winter grounds in the south were rapidly diminishing. Authorities were slow in taking the necessary steps to protect their breeding, nesting and winter grounds.

In 1934, few Sanctuaries were established in Canada. At the present time, we have some 200. Doubtless, this number will soon be increased for the safety of our feathered friends.

As a nation, we have been altogether too slow to appreciate the value of our migratory birds. Dr. Henderson F. Lewis, internationally known Ornithologist, is alleged to have said: "Our job is to see that none of our country's many species of Game Birds becomes extinct, The wild life of Canada is just as much a natural resource as our mines and forests, and requires equally as much management."

Indeed, apart from the hunter's interest in our wild bird life, more and more people are awakening to an interest in these subjects. Their beauty, their appeal to our esthetic sense, their elusiveness, the mystery of their migrations, their uncanny powers of returning to old nesting grounds, captivate us.

Our water fowl, among other migrating fowl, have certain well defined lanes of travel from their winter to their summer nesting grounds. Vanderhoof stands in the path of one of these lanes.

The writer, new to this particular locality, will never forget the spectacle of their arrival here, and their northward movement to the Arctic Barrens, the vast Canadian wilderness, and northern nesting grounds. No one could fail to be impressed by the movement of these trustful water fowl as they glide in long straight lines, or wide-spread wedges, and their joyful descent to this man-made haven of refuge. They seem instinctively to know that here man had provided them a safe retreat.

First the Swans. Royal bird of England. Special favorite of her Kings. Flying, seeming to mingle with the fleecy clouds. Trumpeting their joyful flight with their long, outstretched necks. Alas! this specie of large, beautiful Trumpeters is in danger of becoming extinct. Only hundreds, not thousands, remain. However, the Whistlers are still with us in great numbers. They, with other species, were with us for some days. Geese, in much greater numbers, honk

their pleasure, reaching up to thousands, tarrying to enchant us for a time. Then the quacking of the ducks, to spend a little longer time with us before wending their way northward.

The problem of Bird Migrations may never be solved, fascinating though it is. Whence has it originated? and the cause? Doubtless, this continued existence of many species depends upon these migrations. The lack of northern feeding grounds in winter, the lack of sunlight - etc., etc.

We must remember the migratory instinct is not confined to our feathered friends. Our minds wander back to the tribal movements of primitive man. What compelling force drove our Aryan ancestors to the rich lands of India in the distant past? Then many of these to the forests of Germany, and to the British Isles? Then we are intrigued by the movements of certain species of fish. The herring, the salmon. Most wonderful and unexplainable, the eel has long excited the curiosity of Naturalists, spending most of it's adult life in the fresh water of our rivers; the deep waters of the ocean, it's breeding grounds.

We may hope that our people are becoming impressed with a sense of the demand made upon us, and in our self interest, to provide all protection possible for our feathered friends, at their nesting grounds, and on their semi-annual migrations to and from these grounds.

The writer of this article wishes to acknowledge information received from Victoria's Open Shelf Library. The books, ''Bird Migration,'' by Thomson, and ''Birds of Western Canada,'' by Traverner.

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The Moving of the Fort George Indians

After selling the land upon which Prince George now stands ---and spending the money--- the Fort George Indians refused to budge off their ancient [illegible] grounds...It took a little (justifiable) arson to get them moving...

by W. J. MacAllan

The Fort George Indian Reserve No. 1 is now, and has been since November 1911, the site upon which Prince George proudly stands today. Situated at the confluence of the mighty Fraser and the lesser Nechako Rivers, it has been an important gathering place for Indians ever since Simon Fraser authorized a trading post to be established there in 1806. Later on the location was secured to them by the Dominion Government which created it an Indian Reserve.

The village consisted of about 35 houses and shacks on the north-east corner adjoining the Hudson Bay Company post. It boasted a very picturesque little church with the best proportioned and symetrical spire I have ever seen -- all constructed by the Indians themselves.

The houses stood back about 150 to 200 feet from the river bank, at this point about 30 feet high. Gardens and cultivated plots were still further back, behind the houses. Seats were erected along the top of the bank where in favourable weather the Indians gathered and smoked their pipes, discussing their various problems-- but more particularly they studied the old river, which they read like a book.

In the spring they could tell by the color of the ice floating by which one of the tributaries was opening up. The last to open would be the Big Salmon, now the MacGregor river. When the clear blue chunks of ice from there appeared the cry would go up, "Big Salmon ice, he go" ...This meant that the whole water system of the Fraser was open and that the Indians could now start out on their Spring hunt -- principally for beaver.

During the next few days following the appearance of the 'blue ice' on the Fraser, canoes would head west up the Nechako and northeast up the big bend of the Fraser, after which for six weeks the village would be almost deserted. The first of May generally saw them all back again with their catches. Trapping laws are now much more stringent, with the season shorter. Trap lines are now registered, and Indians have to observe the same regulations as do the white trappers.

The construction of the (then) Grand Trunk Pacific Railway (now the C.N.R.) brought great and immediate changes to the whole of the Northern and Central Interior of B.C., with the Indians being affected much more than the whites, as their whole manner of life, and their customs, were to be changed entirely in a few short years.

All trails and river routes already centered at Fort George, and if the railroad were to cross the Fraser at this point it meant that an important town would be located at, or near, the crossing. The Fort George of the pre-railroad days, I may state here, was located where the town of South Fort George now stands. The townsite promoter, George J. Hammond, succeeded in registering his townsite on the west of the Reserve as 'Fort George'. The citizens of the original Fort George were therefore compelled to choose another name, so took the best -- South Ft. George. This I always considered a great injustice to the old town, and should have never been permitted by the (then) government, but

strange things were sometimes done in those days at the behest of unscrupulous promoters.

The engineers finally decided to cross the Reserve, and the die was cast. Negotiations for the purchase of the Reserve had been opened by the Grand Trunk Railway interests, these being finally concluded on November 18th, 1911. With the title passing to the above interests. At the sale the Dominion Government was represented by Chief Inspector of Indian Agencies G. Ramsden; the Railway people by T. MacRae, a Montreal lawyer; with myself representing the local Indians. Out of approximately 40 adult Indians entitled to vote only 4 opposed the sale.

This important transaction involved the moving of the entire band of Indians, with all their belongings, to new quarters, and it was the job of the Dept. of Indian Affairs to see that the Indians were moved and settled comfortably in new homes in a new location. For some reason, no action was taken to carry out this undertaking until 1913, when the railroad began pressing for their removal.

There were two good locations available for new homesites for the band -- both already possessed by the Indians -- one on the west bank of the Fraser opposite Shelly (where the majority eventually moved) and the other about ten miles up the Nechako River. It was to be a simple undertaking. Once accommodation was built at the two reserves, the Indians and their belongings would be transported by river steamer in one great 'moving day' and the job would be done, with everyone happy.....at least that is what I thought at the time.

The Indians worked well, and by September 1st of that year some 20 houses and a church were completed on the Reserve opposite Shelly, and by the middle of the month some six houses and a church at the Nechako Reserve. I came down the river from Shelly one afternoon with all keys for the completed houses in my grip. The steamer 'Quesnelle' was the only boat available to transport the Indians and

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their belongings to their new homesite, so I chartered her for two days, which would give them lots of time to have furniture and chattels assembled at the waters edge....knowing my Indians I knew that things would move more quickly if the Indians could see the steamer there waiting to transport them.

After making these arrangements I visited every family moving to Shelly advising them in minute detail about the arrangements and about exactly what they were to do .... but was greeted by a profound lack of enthusiasm. In fact, during the two years that had passed since the sale of the Reserve, they had been thinking things over -- and decided that they didn't want to sell the reserve after all. (Small matter that the money had been paid over to them and spent in the interim) What matter that? They would pay it back someday...they said.

Here was indeed a stumbling block. All through the preparations for moving, the construction of houses and churches, etc., there had been no inkling of this change of heart, and mind. No matter how I pleaded, and entreated, and pointed out to them that such things just weren't done in the white man's world, they just stared back at me with dark, expressionless eyes and stolid, leathery faces.

As I argued with one (none too young) buck, with myself doing practically all the talking, a group gathered around us--squaws, children, and men, young and old. They just looked on in silence, and I could see that I was getting nowhere.

One fat squaw clutching at her babe in arms broke a minute long silence by stating flatly, "We no go," and with a shrug of dismissal for the whole affair turned and went back to her cabin.

The (not too young) buck with whom I had been arguing, after glancing around at the rest of the assembly, took a step forward. "This our home," he said. "You tellum govenmunt and railrud this our home. We no move.."

The whole assembled band nodded silent approval and turned away, leaving me with

no mean problem on my hands.

Nevertheless, something had to be done. Mr. Gill was then the resident engineer on the construction, having his office near the west end of the railway bridge then under construction. I advised him of my predicament. He offered me his staff, five in number, to help me out, but we both decided that if force was to be used it would take a small army to

An unusual shot of a lynx swimming across one of our northern rivers.

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Its dislike for the water is greater than its fear of man, and so it climbs aboard the canoe.

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even budge them, so the scheme was abandoned as soon as it was formed. I returned to my hotel that night in rather an anxious mood. Having been given the task, I did not want to fall down on the job.

I could see myself addressing a letter to my superior at Ottawa, to whit: "Dear Sir: An unforseen circumstance has cropped up here in regard to the construction of the railway and the proposed townsite of Fort George. The 100 or so Indians here refuse to move, so I'm afraid you will have to negotiate for the railroad to change its course and for Fort George to be built elsewhere....Signed Yours respectfully, W. J. MacAllan." I doubt whether my superior would have appreciated such an epistle.

The situation did not look very promising until I remembered I had asked a couple of batchelor Indians to leave their belongings with friends, for transportation to the new site, before they left on their annual fall hunt, as their cabins would be burned before they came back. This they had done, and the cabins were vacant -- and they were so far detached from the rest of the settlement that they could be safely burned without endangering any of the occupied houses.

I knew that to set fire to the cabins would cause a flare up of intense excitement and give me the break I needed, for a crisis had to be created before the deadlock could be broken. Also if this action were taken by Mr. Gill's crew, it would furnish visible evidence to the Indians that the Grand Trunk Pacific people were going to exercise their right of ownership.

On my way to Gill's office in the morning I passed through the Indian village where not a move had been made to carry out my instructions. The Indians were just seated in their doorways or standing around in groups.

Mr. Gill gave his entire approval to the plan and agreed to cooperate in every way he could to make the plan a success. I was to return to my hotel, and after half an hour he would send two men over

to set fire to the cabins.

"The Indians will come to me first, and I will bring them to you. Between the two of us we should get results," I ventured as I left -- to be at my appointed place when the fires started, in plain sight and obviously innocent of arson.

I had seated myself in plain sight in front of the big Johnston Hotel in South Fort George so as to be in plain sight of any passing Indian, and also so as to be able to watch for signs of the smoke from the fire. Sure enough! It worked as I had anticipated. I saw the smoke go up from the fire and two minutes later the Indians swarmed around me almost crazy with excitement.

"Come - stop Grand Trunk! He burn all our houses," shouted the first to approach me.

I waited till the group quieted down before saying for them all to hear, "Well, Reserve belong Grand Trunk now - he do what he want with it."

After considerable argument along the same lines, they surprisingly quieted down. Apparently it had at last sunk home that the Reserve was no longer theirs, and that the Grand Trunk Pacific not only could, but would and was doing exactly as it pleased in the matter, whereupon they entreated me to go down and stop further burnings. This I agreed to do on one condition -- that they get their possessions together at the waters edge and be ready to sail first thing in the morning. They agreed.

We then all proceeded to Mr. Gill's office where an understanding was arrived at in short order. Mr. Gill's men were called in after burning only one small shack. The Indians left to start moving their furniture, which they were doing in a very orderly and efficient manner when I arrived an hour or so later to watch the proceedings and give them encouragement. The day before I had been their big bad wolf; today I was their friend and benefactor.

The 'Quesnelle' sailed on time the following morning and the band was safely transferred to the Shelly and Nechako Reserves, where, I am advised, they are still doing well.

All the buildings that remained after the moving were burned, for sanitary and health reasons, and not a vestige is left to indicate the original village except the little graveyard which still remains in the possession of the Indians.

I often wonder what the story of the 'Moving of the Fort George Indians' would have been had we not resorted to arson.....

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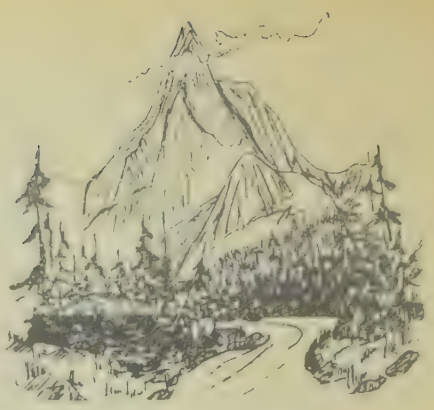
The Legend of the Lake



by GERTRUDE A BROWN

Around us slept the hills; in the
far East,
The languid heralds of a waning
moon,
Slow-rising, spread themselves
along the sky,
And dimmed the glitt'ring stars.
Beneath our feet,
A pris'ner of the hills, the
glassy lake,
Which stretched away for many a
winding mile
Twixt shores abrupt and rocky,
peaceful lay,
As calm and silent as though mount-
ain winds
Had never wrestled with its wave-
lets. Here,
Stretched in luxurious ease after
the toil
Of a long day among these rugged
peaks,
Where mountain sheep and bear and
ptarmigan -
Little harassed as yet - yield
noble spoil
To the adventurous hunter, from
the lips
Of Kadusie, the guide, whose jar-
gon rude
Was eked with scanty store of
English words,
Heard I the Indian Legend of the
Lake:
Long years ago, before King George
men came
Across the salt chuck in their
great canoes,
A little river, swelled by melting
snow
In springtime, but reduced by
summer heat
To a mere thread of water, wound
along
Between these rocky hills; now
gliding on
With surface all unbroken, silently-
Through smooth and level channels,
and anon
Roaring o'er rocky riffles, till
at last,
Where now the waters of the
Cedar Fall
Leap down to join the Wah-We-Weet,
it ran
Into a canyon dark and deep, and
fed
A swirling pool, beneath whose
waters lurked
An evil spirit - shrinking from
the sun,
A spirit of the night - malicious,
foul,
Prowling in darkness. In those
days there dwelt,
Along the valley, by the river's
edge -
On hill-encircled meadows
which are now
Far down beneath the waters of
the lake -
A tribe of peaceful Indians.
Year by year
Within their quiet valley - all
unvexed
By tribal wars - their every want
supplied
By river and by forest - they
lived on,
Like little children, innocent
and kind.
Crime was unknown among them; and
for years
The evil spirit of the pool,
whose spell
Were powerless against innocence,
had kept
His nightly watch in vain.
But one
sad day
Over the low hills yonder, where
the moon
Is climbing through the pines, a
stranger came -
An outcast from the powerful
tribe which dwelt
Down by the sea, where now the
city stands.
Fluent he was of speech, and swift
of foot,
And skilful with his weapons, and
he told
A story pitiful, which won the
hearts
Of all those simple people: how he
loved
The daughter of a chief, and how
she died -
Slain by some hostile Indians in
a raid -
A week before the marriage-day,
and how,
For a full year, he mourned with
bitter grief,
Dwelling apart; until at last the
men
Called him a sluggard, and the
women sneered,
And tapped their foreheads slyly
as he passed,
And muttered cultus. So, at last,
the place
Grew hateful to him, and one day
he took
His weapons, and some little
store of food,
And, turning northward to the
mountains, came,
After six days of travel, to the
top
Of the low hills to eastward, and
beheld
Their quiet valley.
So they

welcomed him,
Because he was a stranger, and because
Their simple hearts were merciful. He lived
Much by himself at first, and seldom joined
With others in the chase; and when he came,
At evening, where the young men in their sport
Shot arrows at a mark, or with swift feet
Vied with each other in the race, he stood
With folded arms apart. Thus, for a time,
He acted out his tale. Then by degrees
His gloomy brow relaxed, and his sad step
Grew lighter and more buoyant, and he came
More often to the feasts, and sometimes joined
The young men in their sports; until at last,
Before a year had run its course, he took
His place among them fully; and but one
Of all their youth could equal him in skill,
In swiftness or in daring. Then these two
From friendly rivalry in sport or chase,
Passed to more serious conflict - for they sought
Kliminkwiss' favour; and the maiden gave
Now to Chetwood, the stranger, and anon
To Chaktekope, her kinsman, as the wont
Of maidens is, encouragement, and kept
Their passion still at fever-heat; until,
Fiercer than love for her, their hatred burned
Toward one another.

Now one night it chanced
That Chaktekope, in following the trail
Made by the blood-spurts of a wounded deer,
Had pitched his lonely camp within a glade
Hard by the canyon of the haunted pool;
And as he stretched his tired limbs along
Upon a couch of pine-tops, suddenly
A stealthy step aroused him, and he sprang
Quick to his knee, and seized his bow and set
An arrow on the string, and bent his gaze,
Now turning here, now there, to pierce the gloom,
Eager, expectant; but he looked in vain,
In vain he listened - neither form nor sound
To his trained senses answered. Silently,
Like panther stealing on its prey, he moved
Through the thick brushwood, to the river side,
And, cautious peering from the leafy shade,
Beheld Chetwood, his rival, and a form,
Half-man, half-wolf, with lurid-gleaming eyes -
A shape of terror. Face to face they stood,
Speaking with voices low; and [illegible]
With all his senses listening, silent drew
Nearer and nearer - till at last he heard
Kliminkwiss' name and from the demon's hand
A necklace of bright shells saw Chetwood take.
Then slunk the evil shape from out his sight,
As dream-forms vanish; and with buoyant step
Quick turning towards the mountains, Chetwood sped
Along a deer trail, from the river's edge
To the thick forest leading. Chaktekope,
Hatred and love o'ermastering all his fear,
With swift, sure, silent footsteps, followed fast.

So onward through the balmy summer night,
In shadow of the silent pines, they passed.
One trusting to the pledge the demon gave
Of potent spell to make love's conquest sure,
The other racked with hatred and with doubt,
And fear of some dark mystery.

At length
On the still night the sound of voices broke
And Chaktekope, quick darting 'neath the trees,
From unsuspected ambush saw Chetwood
Lightly approach where, on a mossy stone,
Kliminkwiss sat, while at her feet there crouched
An ancient crone. Smiling the maiden rose
To greet Chetwood, who laid within her hand
The glittering necklace, and with eager voice
Told how he found it by the canyon's edge,
By a good spirit guided; but the rest -
A girdle of rare stones and armlets large
Of yellow gold and many precious rings -

So the good spirit told him - could be found
By none but by the maiden who was known
As fairest of her tribe; and not by her
Except, an hour before the summer sun
Reddened the East, with none to guide but he
Who told her of the secret, she should come
Where o'er the canyon's edge the blasted pine
Stretched forth its withered boughs, and standing there,
Call three times to the spirit for

his aid.
Kliminkwiss heard the tale with sparkling eyes,
And as it ended, lightly laid her hand
Within Chetwood's, as if in act to go
At once to gain the prize - then backward drew
With sudden start, as through the woods there rang
The scream of a grey eagle. Trembling now,
In the low tones of fear, she questioned much
Of this good spirit's power, and of the form
In which he had appeared; her mother once
Had told her of the demon of the pool;
Might it not be that he should hear her call
And rush, in horrid shape, to drag her down
Into his loathsome cavern? But Chetwood,
With ready words, assuaged her growing fear;
Told her long since the demon had been slain
By this good spirit, who had blessed her tribe
With peace and plenty now for many a year;
Told her no form should 'fright her, but a voice
Gentle and mild, direct her. So at last,
Believing his smooth words, and being loath
To balk her vanity of promised prize,
She bade the crone await her,and set forth.
Half-dazed with jealousy and sore perplexed,
Yet fearing nothing for Kliminkwiss' harm -
Knowing Chetwood did love her - Chaktekope
At easy distance followed; and at last,
Just as the Eastern stars began to fade
In the long twilight of the summer dawn,
Low-crouching in the brushwood, he could see
Close by the pine which marked the canyon's edge
Kliminkwiss and Chetwood, their forms outlined
Against the slowly-whitening Northern sky.
Silent awhile they stood; at length the girl,
In a low voice and with uncertain tone,
Repeated once the spell: the answer came -
As though the spirit of the mountains spoke
From out some far-off cave - resounding, clear,
Soft as the south wind's sigh, yet full of power,
Bidding Kliminkwiss fear not but advance
Yet closer to the verge. Then once again,
This time more boldly, as she nearer drew,
She uttered the weird spell; and in response,
Soft, deep and full, like far-off thunder's tone -
Save that no after chord of harshness marred
Its rounded music - came the spirit voice,
Repeating the same words. All fearless now,
With form erect and step that faltered not
Kliminkwiss swift advanced - for the third time,
In accents sharp and clear, invoking aid
And guidance from the spirit in her search.
Then for a moment deepest silence fell,
An awful hush, as if the hand of Death
On the great heart of nature had been laid,
Checking its pulses; and a nameless dread
Thrilled those three hearts that harkened breathlessly
By keen excitement stilled. The moment passed,
And with a roar that shook the solid earth
And swayed the forest like a winter storm,
The Demon of the Pool, from the black depths
Of his foul haunt uprushing, on the brink
Of the dark chasm stood. Kliminkwiss turned,
With a wild shriek to fly, and as she turned
Shielded the demon from the deadly aim
Of Chaktekope, and checked the half-drawn shaft
That strained upon the string. Too late Chetwood
Saw all his error, and in reckless rage,
With brandished tomahawk, rushed in to save
The maiden whom he loved. The demon turned,
Seizing Kliminkwiss, and with lightning speed
Upswung her fainting form beneath the sweep
Of the descending weapon. Chaktekope
That instant loosed his shaft and as it pierced
The demon through, the fatal tomahawk
On fair Kliminkwiss' head descending sheer,
Stretched her a corpse within her captor's arms.
He, backward reeling, blind with pain and rage, -
For the keen shaft had struck him through and through -
Clasping Klininkwiss' form, a moment swayed
Unsteady on the verge, then headlong plunged
Into the haunted chasm.
And at once,
As though the spirit of the earth and air,
Each against each by mortal hatred spurred,
Saw gage of battle in the demon's fall,
Peal upon peal the rolling thunder

clashed
From every side upsweeping, filled the sky
And blotted out the dawn. The solid earth,
As if in fear or anger, trembling shook;
And from the hills, that rose and fell like waves, .
Great rocks came bounding to the plain below.
Swift as it came the awful tumult passed.
The terror-stricken Indians, from their huts,
Forth creeping, gazed around. The little stream,
O'er which but yesternight an infant's hand
A pebble might have cast, now spreading wide
Filled all its channel to the brim and crept
With stealthy, sure advance upon the bank,
Higher and higher rising. So they stood,
Like men entranced. Across the lower ground,
Hither and thither, broadening rivulets
Stretched to their feet. Soon every little knoll
And clump of bushes by the channel course,
Stood out an island 'mid the rising flood.
Then seizing what they might of household stuff,
For terror urged them on, the Indians turned
Their faces to the mountains and passed forth
From their ancestral valley to new homes
Beyond their shelt'ring hills. The canyon's width,
Full to the brim with rocks and debris choked,
Confined the waters till their level rose
Above the barrier; and the Cedar Fall
Born on that summer day of nature's strife,
Sings to this hour Kliminkwiss' elegy.

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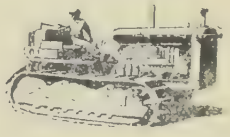

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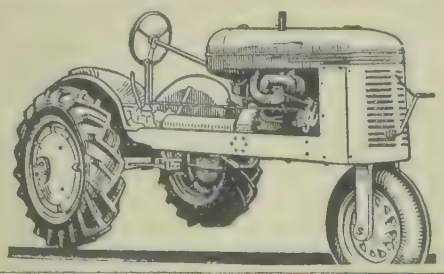

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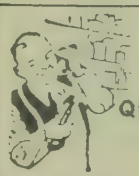

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Verse » »

ONCE I DREAMED

Once I dreamed of a gallant knight
  Tall and strong,
Riding a white horse, who with
  mighty force
And a love song
  Would carry me away, one day.
But a joke Fate played--an egg she
  laid;
My love came along.

He rode not as heroes do.
  In fact, he walked.
A tragic thing that he couldn't sing.
  But how he talked!
Words spilled forth of the wondrous
  North
Silent and free--the place for me.
  I was wedding-frocked.

Then the cry 'Gold!' came over the
  hill.
My love heard.
  With glittering eye he passed me by,
So fast he blurred.
  'It's either a wife, or prospector's
life,
  Choose,' I said. He turned his head
And gave me the bird.

Evelyn Whatcott,
Vancouver, B.C.

LITTLE OLD RED DOG

Not so many years ago
  Your coat shone red and bright;
But now, like mine, your hair is drab
  And interspersed with white.
I still remember when you ran
  As fleet as any hare;
But now, like me, your gait is slow,
  You like an easy chair.
You love to lie beside the fire
  And dream about the past;
You grunt and groan and twitch your
  feet,
And think you're running fast;
  You doubtless have a partridge
In a Balm o'Gilead tree,
  You're circling madly 'round its
base
  And barking loud for me.
I, too, my dear old partner,
  Would rather lie and dream
Than hunt the rugged woodland
  Or wade the rushing stream;
But memories bring pleasure
  Like sun dissolving fog,
And these we share together,
  Dear little old red dog.

Peg Deeder,
Francois Lake, B.C.

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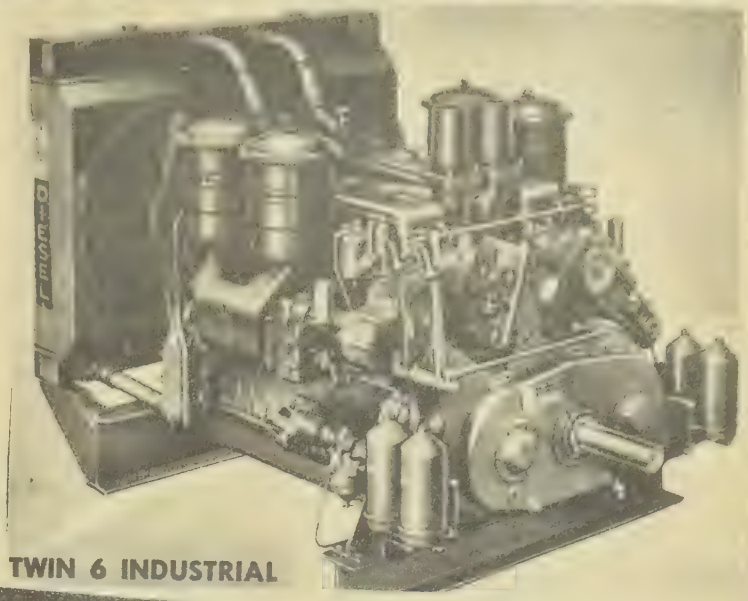

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WHY LAMBAST THE FARMER

by PEG DEEDER

After all the chores were done, one evening, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer sat down to read the daily paper. Mr. Farmer perused the sport page while Mrs. Farmer turned expectantly to the women's section.

"Ah", said Mr. Farmer, "see here where Joe Lewis will most likely fight Walcott in June."

"That so?" Mrs. Farmer answered absently. "Here's a nice recipe for baked bananas. Wish we could afford to buy them, but bananas are so dear." She read on for a few moments, and then Mrs. Farmer broke the silence with a gasp and stricken moan, causing Mr. Farmer to give her a startled look.

"Here's another one of those things!" the lady wailed. "Another city housewife has written a letter condemning farmers as thieves and robbers, and the cause of high food costs!" Tears of indignation crowded into Mrs. Farmer's eyes as they sought the sympathetic ones of her husband's. "Just imagine them blaming *us -- us, mind you! Why --- why ---*" Mrs. Farmer spluttered helplessly.

Mr. Farmer's face was sober as he turned back to his page. "Never mind, Mother", he soothed. "It's because they don't understand ---"

"But it's high time they did understand!" snapped the wife. "Farm prices to the consumer should be brought before the public. It isn't fair to let the farmer take the blame for a condition he actually deplores and has had no part in bringing about. I am going on a statistic hunt; and I am going to do everything I can to bring the facts before the consuming public."

Mrs. Farmer was as good as her word, and she came up with some rather startling facts gathered from a recent Ottawa survey.

MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS: Just as one example of what happened to the Onion after price controls were lifted, the following accurate figures are set forth: October, 1946: Price to consumer per cwt.$6.16. Price paid farmer per cwt. $4.16. Wholesalers took 23¢ and retailers took $1.74. After price controls were lifted the picture changed in this manner: October, 1947: Price to consumer per cwt. $6.86. Price paid farmer per cwt. $3.69. The distributors got $3.19 for handling the onion crop over which the farmer toiled for a whole season, fighting worms, weather, high machinery and labor costs. If there is a shortage of onions in 1948, the answer lies in these figures.

Everybody eats Carrots, and it used to

be that everybody could afford them. Let us take a peek at the carrot situation in 1946, before controls were lifted, compared to the existing situation. October, 1946: Price to consumer per cwt. $4.50. Price paid farmer per cwt. $2.93. The wholesaler got 19¢ and the retailer got $1.38. October, 1947: Price to consumer per cwt. $4.40. Price paid farmer per cwt. $2.71. The Middlemen8

per cwt. $2.71. The Middlemen's profits went up 12¢ while the farmer's returns went down 22¢. So the ten cents reduction to the consumer came out of the farmer's pockets, while the middlemen profitted by a still greater margin than before. In 1948 farmers may not consider carrots a very profitable crop to raise, and the scarcity situation may bring the price of this lowly vegetable into the luxury class!

Here are further figures on vegetables which speak for themselves: October, 1946: Potato price to consumer, $2.96. Price paid farmer $2.41. Distributors got 55¢. October, 1947: Potato price to consumer $2.80. Price paid farmer, $2.05. Distributors got 79¢. Farmers' loss 36¢. October, 1946: Turnip price to consumer $3.75. Price paid farmer $2.16.Distributors got 55¢. October, 1947: Turnip price to consumer, $5.40. Price paid farmer, $2.69. Distributors got $2.71 : more than the farmer got for planting, tilling and harvesting the crop! October, 1946: Cabbage price to consumer $4.32. Price paid farmer, $3.10. October, 1947: Cabbage price to consumer $5.88. Price to farmer, $3.26. Distributors took almost half : $2.62!

All along the line startling price increases are shown, particularly in processed foods. In running it down, however, we find that it is not the farmer who is raking in the big profits. His costs are going up faster than his returns. In several lines of production he has been operating at a loss, and 1948 will surely see less of certain foods on the market.

Mrs. Farmer sums it all up this way: "If farmers and consumers could just once get to understand each other, there would certainly be an adjustment of existing inequities in the food price structure. Together, the producing and the consuming public could demand and get a reduction in the margin of profit between the two groups."

"The farmer can't follow Mrs. Consumer into the store, peer over her shoul-

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der, and whisper, 'I only got 22½¢ a pound for that whole beef, and here you gotta pay more than that for a pound of neck! I had to grow that beef, butcher it, and haul it to market, and the guy that sells it is getting more money for it than I got. 'Taint fair, so 'taint.''

''No, the only way the farmer can make his position known is to keep howling for justice; but then, the poor fellow has been howling for fair play for so many years that everybody has got used to it, and don't pay much attention. His only hope today is that the consumer's Gripes of Wrath will bring on an investigation of high food prices, so that eventually the blame will be placed where it belongs, and no longer on the head of the long-suffering farmer. As a human being, the farmer is a darn nice fellow, once you get to understand him.''

"KALABOUTKIN"

WAS A SURVIVAL OF HUDSON BAY DAYS.

by R.D. CUMMING

In the Lillooet district, as in many other sections of the province, there lies buried by the years a great deal of unrecorded history touching whites and Indians. Perhaps the following personal experience is one of those that might have been lost. Sometimes we are a bit apathetic about our past, and very often it is not until records have been destroyed and relics have disappeared that we begin to take interest in pioneer history.

However, as an introduction to this story, it may be said that the town of Lillooet celebrated its early Dominion days on the Fourth of July, a practice that continued up through the seventies, eighties and the early nineties.

In those days, apparently, Lillooet never knew of Dominion day and the children never heard of it in their schools up to the time of which I write. To all appearance the town enthused over the Declaration of Independence of the United States without giving it a thought. The Fourth of July was more or less taken for granted, having been accepted at a time when there were more Americans than

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Canadians in British Columbia. To many it was simply an annual celebration with no background, not even the Stars and Stripes flying in the British Colonial breeze.

At any rate, in a summer in the early nineties, the annual race meet was in full swing in the town of Lillooet. Indians had gathered from far and near -- Pavilion, Pemberton, Lytton, Chilcotin. It was strictly an Indian celebration; the whites being mere spectators except when it came to putting up their bets on winners or losers as the case might be. Indian cayuses were the only race horses in the 'derby', and betting was a mere matter of guesswork. Racing took place along the main street which had been patriotically dressed up for the occasion.

Chief Kal-a-bout-kin (accent on the 'bout') was there with his fellow braves from the Fountain, known then and to this day in Indian language as Kach-al-pa (accent on the first syllable).

Chief Kalaboutkin was born at or near the Fountain about the time when the Hudson's Bay Company first commercialized the 'point' blankets and other trinkets of civilization in exchange for beaver and such furs, numerous at that time in the district. The chief, besides the years, had brought up with him all the legends and traditions of the Fountain tribe of Indians. He was outstanding in personality, one of those born to be a chief; and, had he been a white man or one with the opportunities of the white race, he might have left footprints on the Lillooet drybelt sands.

Kal resented the encroachment of the Shamma (white man) on Indian territory, but the opportunity to demonstrate his resentment didn't come until one day the priest who administered the Catholic faith to the Fountain Indians, had an Indian Keeka (girl) punished for some misconduct not in keeping with church curriculum. The priest was arrested and charged with 'crime'. The case was thrown out of court, but the whipping was Kal's incentive.

There was some delay in getting the sports under way. Horses were ready, some chewing their bit and stamping their feet, but not the riders and spectators. There was the preliminary of small bets to be arranged and time lagged wearily.

According to schedule, the Chief's 'Riel' rebellion was to take place when the white men were bunched up in a huddle making bets and counting their winnings or losses and the excitement was at its peak.

At the psychological moment when the time for action had arrived, the Tyee (chief) spurred his cayuse into the crowd without casualties, gave a primative imitation of a war whoop that hadn't been heard to echo from the adjacent mountains for many a long year. A number of mounted 'braves' gathered around him and encircled a small group of spectators including ourselves who were no doubt to be his first victims. For a few moments things looked serious

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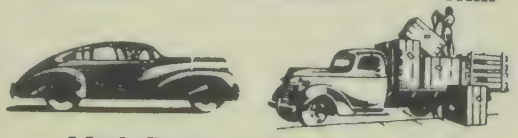

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and we imagined ourselves prisoners-of-war in an Indian outbreak and the future not too bright.

That there was no display of muskets or bows and arrows seemed to lend a certain courage and we stood firm awaiting developments. But perhaps it wasn't so much bravery as a contempt for danger that transferred fear into bravery as it was the sudden appearance of two constables with the authority of Her Majesty the Queen in their makeup. With the new atmosphere there was a sudden collapse on the part of the Chief and his gang as they quickly turned their attentions again to the sports having more interest in their two-bit, four-bit and six-bit bets than they had in plotting against the white.

The law took for granted it was all a misunderstanding; no arrests were made and at the close of the races Kal and his following went home to Kachalpa ostensibly real friends of the white man. It is thought there was some bootlegging of liquor to the Indians, and that was no doubt the root to what, for a few minutes, had the atmosphere of an Indian uprising. The Chief died a few years afterwards.

I often recall the incident and long since have been convinced it wasn't a war cry old Kal gave vent to, but a mere shout or yell of appreciation, stimulated by the bootleg, in keeping with the spirit of the occasion.

As mentioned before, there was a contingent of Chilcotin Indians at the races who had trekked 100 miles or more by way of Bridge river following a pioneer trail of their ancestors on the warpath against their hereditary enemies the Lillooet (Stat-le-umlith) Indians. It was said afterwards this invasion from the north was to take part in the rebellion, and that their strategy was to wait until the Fountain had 'cleaned' up the white man, and then they would rush down from the sandhill and claim a percentage of the spoil. From their high perch, however, they may have seen the constables first.

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PACK TRIP into YESTERDAY

by F.W. LINDSAY

Minnie - of the sturdy

''Aieeyaahoo.....aieeyaahoo...ai...ai... eeeyahoo!''

The eerie scream reverberated off the granite face of Walker Mountain, hurled itself across the muskeg swamps and faded into the moonlit night with horrifying suddenness.

The sleepers in the small tent sat erect. One of them gripped a flashlight in one hand and a rifle in the other.

''Whuzzat?'' he asked in a shaken voice.

''Werewolf'', commented the other in an offhand manner, as though he had been listening to the mating call of werewolves for many years. ''Moon is full tonight'', he continued. ''It brings out the primitive in some of these Indians. Probably Mary Jane... she's queer anyhow.....''

Again the piercing howl rent the heavens. The first speaker shuddered and slid back into his sleeping bag.

''She'll get over it'', grunted the other and was immediately asleep again.

At breakfast the following morning, the fishing guide who appeared to be so palsy walsy with werewolves, eyed his haggard companion, the cook, with compassion. ''You'll get used to it'', he said. ''In Tweedsmuir Park most anything can happen. Remember, this is pure undiluted Indian country. New to us, maybe, but to the natives, it was old thousands of years ago.''

Shortly after breakfast, the handsome young Indian packer, Patrick Jack, appeared in camp leading his saddle horse. He, with his wife and three small children, were encamped across the muskeg upon a small gravel ridge. They had a typical Indian camp: children, dogs, blankets, smoked fish, smoked meat and a strange, barbaric odour which, while it is not the finest odour in the world, has a haunting fragrance that will stay with a white man forever and a day.

Patrick took off his stetson hat, looked at it shyly for a moment, then smacked it several times against his chaps.

''You hear my 'ooman make noise last night?'' he asked.

The two whitemen admitted that they had indeed heard Mrs. Patrick Jack whooping it up considerably.

''She get clamp in leg'', Patrick explained, accepting a cup of coffee for himself, three oranges for his children and half a package of dates for his wife. As far as he was concerned, the matter was ended. If a woman wants to howl her fool head off, let her howl. That's Indian philosophy. Not only that, it saves argument.

''This Sattidy'', said Patrick, setting down his cup. ''Tommy tell me come down today.''

The three men were Tommy Walker's crew of dude wranglers. For the past month they had been working on a base cabin in Walker's meadow, one day's ride from Tweedsmuir Lodge. For ten years now Tommy Walker, outfitter and guide, has been taking parties into Tweedsmuir Park from Stuie at the southern end.

''I go now,'' said Patrick. He swung onto his horse and galloped after his wife who was lining out the pack horses and saddle horses which were to bring up the party and supplies. Shortly afterwards they could be seen heading down the trail towards Tweedsmuir Lodge and the Bella Coola Valley.

''Where did you say these people are coming from?'' asked the cook.

''California, I believe,'' answered the fishing guide. ''But the next party -

the ones we meet at Big Eutsuk Lake at the end of this trip - are from Switzerland. Billy MacNeill's bringing them down from the north end of the park by boat, through the chain of lakes.''

From Switzerland to Tweedsmuir - from California to Tweedsmuir, they come: big game hunters, fishermen, artists, camera enthusiasts and lovers of the out of doors.

In 1937 a big chunk of British Columbia wilderness, shaped like an arrowhead, once the hunting ground of coastal and interior Indians and the scene of many a tribal battle, was set aside as a park. Its 5400 square miles make it the largest Provincial park in Canada. The northern entrance is through the little town of Burns Lake on the C.N.R. The southern gateway is Bella Coola, nearly 300 miles up coast from Vancouver. It has few trails, fewer sign posts, no hostels, no policemen, park rangers or forestry men. It is as wild today as it was 150 years ago when Alexander MacKenzie passed through it on his way to the Pacific coast.

At eight P.M. the following night the pack train, led by Tommy Walker, together with the party from California, arrived at Walker's meadow ready to commence the long trek through the park.

The party, a Senator and his son, had flown from 'Frisco to Vancouver in six hours. There they had boarded the S.S. Cardena and during the 300 mile trip north to Bella Coola, they had seen British Columbia industry in the raw. The Cardena calls at logging camps, floating stores, floating marine service stations, fish canneries and fishing camps, unloading machinery and supplies and picking up canned fish, mail and passengers.

After landing at Bella Coola, the Californians had been driven forty miles inland to Tweedsmuir lodge, which is built near the site of the old Indian village of Stuie at the eastern end of the Bella Coola valley.

''The moment we stepped ashore, we were in a different world,'' said the Senator. ''Heck, it was as though we'd gone back a hundred years in time. No rush, no hurry. Sort of a come day, go day, God send Sunday atmosphere.''

''And we fished in the Atnarko river near the lodge,'' interrupted the Senator's son. ''Rainbows....super rainbows, boy!

Well, the Atnarko is one of the main streams which go to make the Bella Coola river. According to one expert, the two finest fishing rivers in North America are the Chute in Oregon and the Atnarko in B.C.

''But we're here now,'' said the Senator. ''I surely slept well last night at the lodge, but after riding the fourteen miles up here, I'm a mite tired.'' He yawned and followed his son into their tent.

Patrick Jack watched the cook washing dishes by the flickering light of a candle. ''Why he come?'' asked Patrick. ''Why he come here, lide all day? He got lots money.'' Patrick became bogged down with the complexities of his own thoughts and was silent.

There were fourteen horses in the outfit. Six saddle horses and eight pack horses. Long years of carrying inquisitive people across mountain ranges,

inquisitive people across mountain ranges, rivers and muskeg swamps had deadened their spirits, but in no way quelled their perversity. At night the animals grazed as close to the camp as possible without actually entering the tents. The bells upon two of the equines clanged and dinged at each mouthful of grass. But in the morning, before the mosquitoes, yellow jackets and other enemies of man were about their business, the horses and bells would fade into the horizon.

Breakfast is an early affair on a pack trip. It is also a messy affair. Some folks like porridge, some like hot cakes, some like bacon and eggs. The idea is to please everyone. It is a nice trick if it can be done. It is also an easy stunt if the cook has a large stove, a lot of pots to cook in, the ingenuity of an Edison and the temper of a saint. The cook on this particular trip had none of these attributes. He was an irascible fellow with two pots, two frying pans, a small tin stove and a one-track mind which centered around bannocks, hot cakes, stews and fried meat.

The Californians were doubtless surprised upon the first morning of their trip to observe an otherwise peaceful scene erupt into one of chaotic activity. The horses had vanished, the cookstove had in some manner developed into a smoke bomb. The outfitter was in a dither about the horses, the cook was in a dither about breakfast, the air was misty with impolite phrases, smoke, soot and ashes. Outside the cook tent some fourteen packboxes were lying opened, their contents scattered upon the ground.

''I put lard in one of these crates,'' wailed the cook. ''I know I had a ten pound pail of it. Now where is it?''

Hastily he pawed through the boxes. There was gelatin and various packets of pudding. There were canned tomatoes, beans, dried peas and fruit juices in great variety. There was everything, a veritable grocery store in miniature, but no lard. Each packbox contained approximately 65 pounds of provisions which had been packed with loving care by the outfitter and the cook. The cook had just finished turning the contents of the last packbox on the ground, when he discovered the lard pail sitting upon the rustic table where he had carefully placed it the night before.

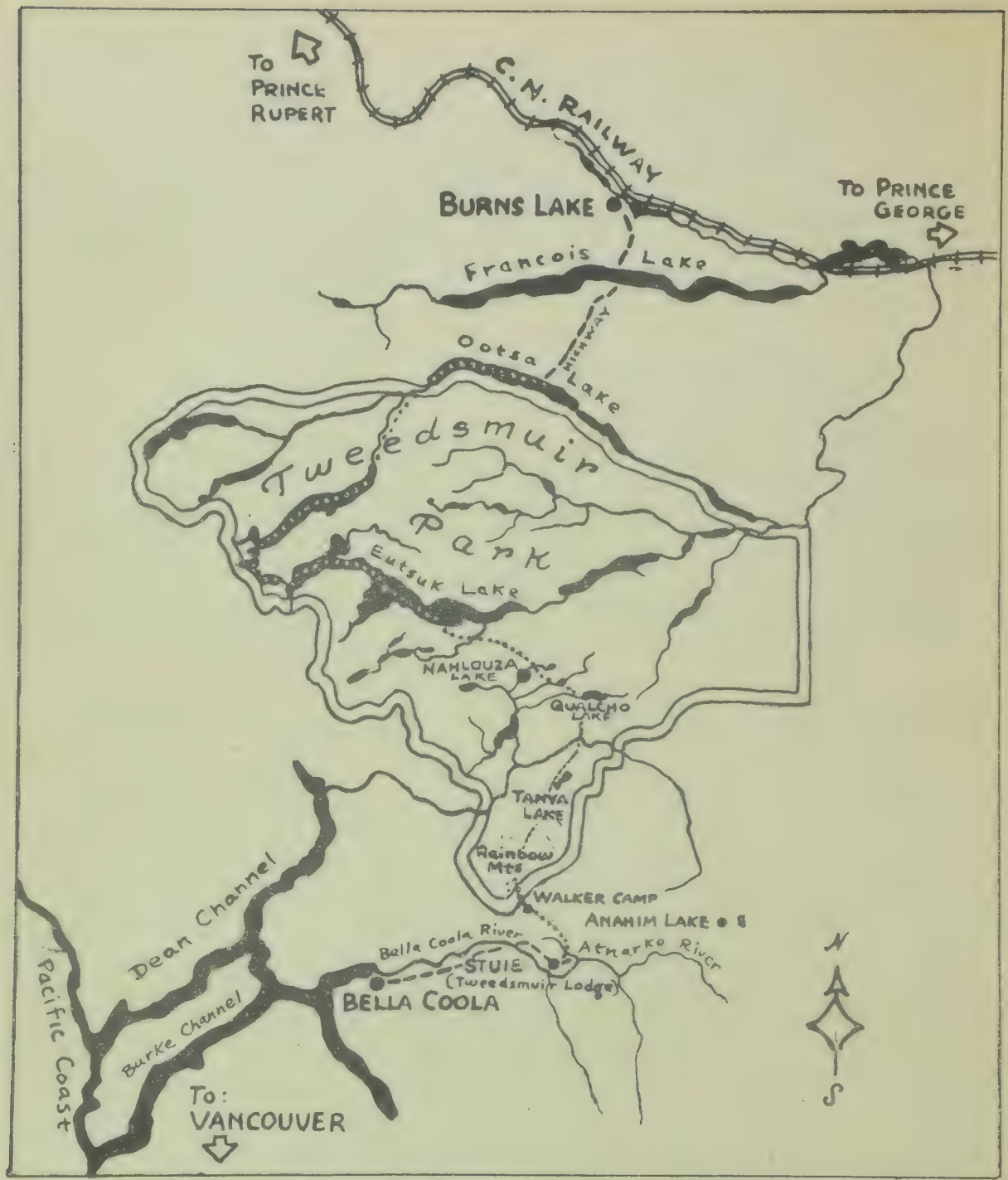
Breakfast was cooked and eaten, the packboxes were repacked, the air cleared, the sun shone, the mosquitoes and wasps began their day's work. Everything was according to schedule but the horses. Two hours elapsed, two hours, during which the weather was discussed, every-

'Nahlousa - - the beautiful. Photo - courtesy T.A. Walker

'Oomans and kid - - in the land of yesterday'

one's best stories were brought out and retold, the outfitter pointed out a herd of wild goats on the grey slope of Walker mountain and the camp dog got stung by a wasp. Finally, at eleven A.M. Patrick Jack appeared driving the horse cavvy ahead of him.

The horses were packed and the party got under way, the Californians and Tommy Walker riding ahead. The fishing guide managed three pack horses, the cook herded three and Patrick Jack brought up the rear, riding herd on the whole outfit.



Now the fishing guide had at one time been an English cavalry officer. He rode like a centaur and, since the years had mellowed his disposition, he spoke in a kindly manner to the pack horses, "get along, old fellow, get along."

The cook's knowledge of riding had been gleaned from a close study of those classic films known as horse operas. Time had neither mellowed nor improved his disposition. He had leathery lungs and the urge to use them. "Line out, you knot heads, line out!"

Patrick Jack, the Indian, had been born to the saddle. He rode at ease, swaying to each motion of his horse and the quirt he carried beat out a steady thump upon his leathern chaps, while he crooned a series of soft Yippees or whistled a tuneless melody.

And so the party rode into yesterday, into the Rainbow Mountain country, a land of volcanics where time ceased a thousand years ago. On either side of the narrow trail blue lupines matched the color of the sky. Above timberline, the country stretched for miles in rolling dunes, interspersed with small lakes. The horses by now, realising that the long winter months of inactivity were well and truly over, settled down

into a space-devouring stride which ate up two miles an hour. The trail led steadily upward. Patrick Jack slumped easily in his saddle, humming something about ''Li'll Jack the wrangler,'' and every mile brought wider prospects to view.

Americans as a whole are not easily impressed by scenery which lies outside the territorial boundaries of the U.S.A. Of all Americans, Californians are perhaps, the least impressionable. To them everything is on a comparative basis, for they come from a State which is always described in superlatives. But when the Senator and his son saw the wide spreading country which extends northwards from the Rainbows, even they had to admit that ''It sure is something!''

The Rainbow mountains are jagged volcanic pyramids where Nature has painted peak after peak crimson, pink, purple and golden. She has spread meadows with a lavish mantle of heather, lupines, scarlet paint brushes and lush grasses. She has scattered daisies behind each boulder and dotted the landscape with tiny irridescent lakes. From the vantage point of the 6500 foot pass, the Rainbow valley and the country to the north is seen as a panorama of countless miles of wilderness.

The guide pointed out a particularly beautiful peak which seemed, even in the clear air of the highlands to be at least 50 miles away. ''That,'' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, ''is where we camp tonight. It's all downhill from here, though, and not as far as it looks.''

''Fine,'' said the Senator, ''swell country.''

''Terrific,'' said his son, ''absolutely super!''

''Good camp there,'' agreed Patrick Jack, ''good cabin''

''God give me strength,'' muttered the cook piously.

Before the pack train had reached the floor of the valley, there was a wild clatter in the rear. Childish laughter rang out upon the summer air, blended with shouts of girlish glee.

''Am I hearing things?'' queried the cook. ''How in blazes did any kids get into this part of the world?''

''Oomans and kids,'' said Patrick Jack nonchalantly. ''They go my home, Tanya Lake country. My 'ooman, my sisters, my mama, my sisters' an brudder's kids.''

The commotion increased and around a bend in the train behind, above the pack train, came a weird assembly of humanity and horseflesh. Minnie, one of Patrick Jack's sisters, rode in the lead. Minnie of the beaming face, the sturdy build and the flashing eyes. Before her, slung around her neck, rode a small papoose in a basket. It was a wee, twinkling mite of humanity, who gurgled and cooed with every bump.

Behind Minnie stumbled a string of sorry looking cayuses, loaded down with packs which smelled strongly of smoked

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On the way to yesterday....

fish, cedar boughs, canvas and unlaundered clothes. Behind the cayuses lumbered an old and altogether decrepit plough horse, bearing upon its aged shoulders two tiny Indian girls, one of which belabored the horse at every step with a small switch. And behind the children rode some five matronly Indian women, talking and gossiping in the manner that any five women would do anywhere in the world. Each was carrying, strapped to her back, a papoose basket complete with papoose.

Individually, their costumes were an assortment of discarded apparel. Collectively, they aroused nostalgic memories of circus days in the pre-atomic age. A red plaid skirt, purple shirt and lavendar head scarf made up one ensemble. Black satin skirt, canary yellow sweater and crimson head scarf completed another. One of the more elderly women wore overalls, green scarf and an army tunic, complete with sergeant's stripes.

Young and old, they rode with abandon. Down they clattered to the very rear of the pack train. These were El Gatcho women, the women of a nomadic tribe, traversing, as their forefathers had traversed for years, the vast country that was their heritage.

Beyond the Rainbow valley, with its multicolored peaks, the land levels off, giving place to huge meadows...some swampy and some dry....but many criss-crossed with old beaver dams which extend for miles. The beaver have gone now,

long since gone into the rapacious maw of the old fur trading companies.

Suddenly a series of wild shouts broke from the head of the pack train. Came the fading thud of galloping hooves, the crack of wood hitting wood, of tin hitting stone. Patrick Jack sank his spurs into his horse and dogged in and out of timber, heading for the sounds of disorder. The cook's horse, being an easily led creature, followed Patrick's trail. The cook leaned forward in his saddle, buried his face in his horse's mane and offered up a few small prayers of supplication. Suddenly his horse applied all four legged brakes and came to a violent stop. The cook grunted as the saddle horn hit his middle, then straightened up and eyed the trail with horror.

''Yellow jackets,'' explained Patrick Jack. ''Sting horses in um belly. Kitchen horse hit tree.''

The Indian women, rounding a bend in the trail, laughed loudly without any civilized inhibitions. They chattered rapidly in El Gatcho. The air was full of it. ''Nahtlinn ilklee wussnick'' (look see...horse crazy). ''Hootkloh... untsii! (yellow jackets...baad!)

The camp dog, who had been far ahead of the pack train, returned to investigate the reason for the delay. He met the Indian dogs who, being first on the scene, resented this intrusion. Dog fights...yellow jackets....Indian women laughing...powdered milk scattered half an inch deep on the trail...lard sticking to pine trees, pack high...broken cans of butter...broken tins of sugar.... a tin stove lying askew upon a windfallen spruce. Yellow jacket wasps buzzing angrily about, defending either their homes or their honor.

The Senator and his son and the guides reappeared, herding the kitchen horse, thereafter known as ''The Yellow Jacket Express'', ahead of them. Having remembered how to buck, it squealed and kicked and fought the cinches and lash ropes, as Patrick and the cook repacked it.

Time means nothing on a pack trip into yesterday. The party left the Rainbows far behind and came into the Tanya Lake country. Here the Indians camped at an old smokehouse, which had been rebuilt upon the foundations of countless smokehouses. The midden is roughly fifty feet high, a midden composed of the millions of bones of steelhead trout. As far as is known, no one has ever excavated into it, but according to some of the Indians, stone arrowheads and axe heads are found there after the spring rains have washed down the dirt.

The smokehouse is a long shed consisting of four corner posts and a roof of spruce slabs. The fish are suspended from the ridge pole, fires are lighted beneath them, fires of alder or willow wood, and the smoke rising upwards cures the fish in passing. It also cures the skin of those tending the fires; it cures the old Indians and the papooses; verily everything and everyone within rifle shot of an Indian smoke-

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The pack train rode on another mile to camp in a meadow on the reedy shores of Tanya Lake. The Indian children and young girls had never seen the fly rods of the whitemen. They watched with searching intensity as the fishing guide cast a Royal Coachman expertly onto the waters of Tanya lake. They laughed enthusiastically as he sank the barb into a trout. They gasped with amazement and disgust as he gently unhooked the fish and threw it back into the lake. ''Wussnick dnai!'' they exclaimed (crazy man!)

''Too small,'' said the fishing guide, ''I leave him there, he grow big.''

''Dzoo onyee'' (good eating) laughed the Indians, ''sma' feesh good for eat. Wussnick, wussnick!''

That evening fifteen Indians, young and old, gathered around a huge pot of steelhead trout which they had speared and netted in the Tanya river. The small boys wrestled on the dirt floor, the women hauled first one and then another from the melee. The small boys darted to the pot of boiling fish, dug into it with a spoon, a stick, a fork, or whatever came to hand. They blew vigorously upon the greasy morsel they had

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extracted and gulped it down.

Outside the tent a cloud of flies buzzed contentedly over a pile of uncooked steelheads. An old Indian squaw withdrew a fish from the pile, brushed the flies off carelessly and filletted the fish, throwing the meat onto another pile, the remaining carcass to the growling Indian dogs. The sun slipped below the far horizon and a coyote yapped.

In the white man's camp, the Senator broached a bottle of bourbon whiskey. He passed it around and everyone drank to a good trip, good fishing and no yellow jackets. Outside the tents a campfire burned gustily. A reflector oven balanced before it and within the oven a bannock, encrusted with bits of ash and soot, rose to baking-powder-impelled heights and began to turn a golden brown. A pot of coffee cast an appetising aroma into the night. A pan of trout sizzled at one end of the fire, at the other, a pan of bacon. Beyond the outermost glow of the fire, the bells of the pack horses clanged dolefully.

"I wonder," said Tommy Walker, "just what is happening outside."

"[illegible]" said the Senator sleepily.

"Come and get it!" snarled the cook, wiping smoke and tears out of his eyes. He grabbed the reflector to save it from spilling its contents into the fire and burned his fingers. "Dad blamed bannock's scorched," he muttered, "bacon's burnt too. Why in heck do people go traipsing into the hills anyway?"

The Senator helped himself to the bannock, forked some fish onto his plate, speared a piece of bacon and ate thoughtfully for a minute or two.

"People come out on these trips for a rest," he said after a while. "When I get back to 'Frisco, I'll have to rustle around working fourteen hours a day. There'll be traffic and whistles and bells and aeroplanes, murders, accidents and sudden death in various forms. And then, of course, there's always Russia."

Somewhere far to the east and overhead a plane droned southwards. On a hill a wolf lifted his indignation at the [illegible] sound. The bannock and fish and bacon disappeared.

The pack train passed through a small Indian settlement before noon. On the edge of a great meadow a bull moose had been shot. All that was left of the big fellow was his horns, huge shovel-like antlers, smeared with blood. Moose meat was drying in the smokehouse. A small Indian girl dragged one of the animal's great hoofs through a mud puddle. Outside a cabin the moose hide was tied to a tree with a piece of rope and a squaw was twisting it, tourniquet fashion, with a stick. She had washed the hide in soap and water, scraped off the hair with a skinning knife and rewashed the hide until it was almost white. A papoose basket swung between two trees, its tiny occupant screaming at the top of his voice.

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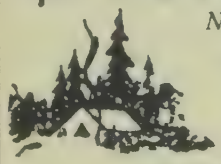

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In a hay meadow below the Indian houses a new Massey Harris mower snicked musically along. On the edge of the field a rake and various agricultural implements gleamed redly in the sun. The Indians watched stoically as the pack train came to a stop. The Californians climbed off their horses and unlimbered their cameras. The squaws hid their faces, the smaller children hid behind the squaw's skirts. The one who was stretching and kneading the moose hide dropped her work abruptly and strode with grotesque dignity into her house slamming the door behind her.

Meanwhile, one of the pack horses had wandered between the two trees where the papoose's basket was slung. The pack struck the basket's supporting rope, nearly upending the basket. The crying ceased abruptly and the papoose squealed with joy. A door banged open and squaws yelled rapid fire cuss words in the El Gatcho tongue. In a flash, Patrick Jack had grabbed the halter of the pack horse and backed him away, while the cook snatched the papoose from danger and held him safely in his arms. The Indians stopped yelling, smiled broadly and posed for their pictures.

"You catchum tractor?" asked the Senator, replacing his camera in its case. "Tractor make more hay for you."

The Indian women giggled. Cap'n Harry, a withered oldster, owner of the farming equipment smiled knowingly.

"I catch," he said.

"No use 'um?" asked the Senator.

"No can stop em firs time," replied Cap'n Harry. "I buy from man Anahim Lake. He show me how make go. I make go. He no show me how stop um. I no stop um. He go tree...bang! He stop then. Me jump off. Use horse now....more better."

Cap'n Harry and the squaws laughed heartily and returned to their work. Suddenly Cap'n Harry wheeled and called Patrick Jack to him. He talked rapidly in El Gatcho, illustrating with gestures, laughed loudly again and climbed onto the mower.

"Small girl shoot moose," explained Patrick, rejoining the party. "Her daddy send her fetch lifle...thutty-thutty. She ten year ole, small girl. She get lifle, take to her daddy. On way she see moose. She stick lifle on log, take good bead, shoot um moose. He fall down. She take lifle over, shoot he in head. Small girl, ten year ole." Shades of Annie Oakley!

"How the heck did they get that machinery in here?" asked the Senator's son. "no roads, no trails, huh?"

"Came in by sleigh road in the winter," the guide told him. "The Indians have sleigh roads all over the country. In the winter they bring in their heavy supplies. Takes 'em maybe five or six days to get to Anahim Lake. That's their trading post."

Beyond Cap'n Harry's hay meadows the spruce forest closed in abruptly. Spruce country....wolf country. The wolf spoor was thick. Their huge tracks showed on

On the shotes of the Big Eutsuk. - photo, courtesy of T.A. Walker

the trail, tracks as large as a man's hand. Someone suggested that they must weigh at least a hundred and fifty pounds.

"How much does a wolf weigh, Pat?" It was the cook asking his incessant questions. "How big do they get?"

Patrick Jack shook his head, grunted, essayed a smile.

"He get big," he said, "I never weigh 'um. How you weigh wolf, huh? How you weigh wolf or grizzly bear? Las' year white man dude, he say grizzly weigh t'ousan pounds he say. How he weigh 'um, huh?"

The cook was abashed. Well, just how would you go about such a job, there being no penny weighing machines in the wilderness? He occupied his mind with this momentous question for many miles.

There was a break in the spruce country. The timber receded from the edges of a muskeg swamp. Wolf tracks were visible everywhere and mixed with the wolf tracks were those of moose and grizzly. The grizzly's were as large as a tin pie plate. The great claws had gouged into the mud an inch or more. A stench filled the air...nauseating, horrible....the smell of rotted flesh.

The remnants of a moose carcass lay scattered in the muddy circle. Leg bones thicker than a man's shoulder, were gnawed and broken. The guides and Patrick Jack read the signs for the Californians. The wolves had converged on the moose from a sidehill. There had been at least a dozen wolves. They ran the moose to bay, hamstrung him, bore him down by sheer weight and killed him.

From nearby a grizzly had scented the warm, sticky aroma of fresh blood. King of the Wilderness that he is, he sauntered out of the timber. Probably

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he roared with that choking bull-like roar to which grizzlies give utterance. The tracks showed how the wolves had scattered. The grizzly had bedded down close to the kill and gorged himself. The wolves cleaned up on the hide and the scattered bones.

"Pretty soon no moose any more," said Patrick Jack. "Pretty soon nothing anymore this country."

The party passed into the lake country. They skirted Qualcho Lake, Qualcho the forbidding, whose spruce clad shores dip steeply to meet her grey-green waters. They camped upon Nahlousa Lake. Nahlousa the beautiful with its sandy beaches and calm waters.....resting place of the white swan and Canada goose. They forded the chill glacial current of the White River and followed its western bank to the shores of Eutsuk Lake.

The Californians left the pack train at Eutsuk and continued their trip through the northern end of Tweedsmuir Park by boat. The dunnage bags, rifles, photographic equipmnnt, fishing equipment, and other paraphernalia of the dudes from Switzerland was loaded onto the pack horses.

Patrick Jack watched the small outboard river boat carrying the Californians fade farther and farther into the distance.

"How long it take he get back Califo'nia?" asked Patrick.

"Four days to Burns Lake, one day to Prince George. From Prince George to Vancouver takes about two or three hours, from Vancouver to 'Frisco will take 'em something like six hours."

"How far that?" asked Patrick.

"Nearly two thousand miles, I think." the cook replied.

"He in big hurry," nodded Patrick Jack. He turned and tightened the cinch on his saddle horse. "Mebbe I go Califo'nia some day. He big country eh?"

The cook agreed that California was fairly large. "Its full of pretty women too," he said absent mindedly.

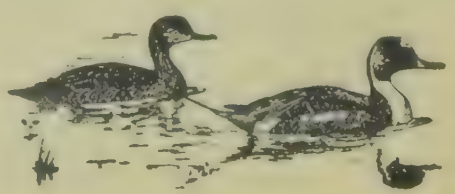
"What he do?" Patrick Jack asked.

"Oh they try to get into the movies, then they get jobs in cafes and gas stations and stores, you know, they work."

"Ah," said Patrick Jack understandingly, "lots pretty ooman eh?"

"Uh huh," said the cook climbing creakily aboard his horse, "lots and lots of pretty women."

"I go Califo'nia for sure," chortled Patrick Jack happily. He leaped agilely into his saddle. His spurs sank home. His roan horse sprang into life. "Li'll Jack the wran'ler," sang Patrick Jack. "Lots and lots of pretty 'ooman... aiee yipee!"



Country of the Babines

by CATHARINE M. FRASER

Fascinating is the history of the Babine Tribe of natives who make their home on the shores of beautiful Babine Lake in North Central British Columbia. Interesting too are the tales of the life of these people before the advent of the fur traders and missionaries.

It was in the early 1800's that the first missionaries and Hudson's Bay traders invaded their country. These strangers were first greeted by the natives with suspicion and a display of primitive weapons. Only gradually did they learn to trust and barter with them.

Their mode of living today is a mixture of the teachings of the 'White Man' intermingled with ancient tribal customs that are still observed. The country itself creates the impression of primitive living. For miles along the 105-mile lake no sign of human habitation can be seen, then quite unexpectedly, around a bend of the lake, a native village appears and the steeple of a modern church towers above its humble dwellings. Or beside a small stream a group of tents form a temporary stopping place for a wandering native family.

The Hudson's Bay Company's first post on Babine Lake was founded at Fort Babine in 1812 and fur trade with the natives has gone on there ever since. Fort Babine still stands, as it has for over a century, nestled on thd north shore of Babine Lake at a point where the river, by the same name, starts its winding journey to meet the Skeena River and thence to the open sea. Outstanding amidst the dwellings of the native population are the Hudson's Bay store and factor's home, decked in their coat of white paint with bright red trim, in an enclosed property over which proudly flies the Union Jack.

The setting of low rolling hills decked in a covering of pines and balsam with the lighter shades of the willow, cottonwood, birch and poplar lending a contrast; the fleecy whiteness of the clouds against the deep blue of the sky reflected in the mirror surface of the lake and the far-away peaks of the Hudson Bay Mountain on the distant horizon, form a picture not soon to be forgotten. It made one realize just why the natives for centuries have roamed these hills with no inclination to go further afield. It is said that the Babine Tribe have known no other home but this, and with the abundance of fish and the plentiful supply of game one can understand why.

We visited the country this summer and were fascinated by its beauty and wealth of native lore. At Topley Landing, which lies about half-way along the lake and which is 27 miles from the station of Topley on the Canadian National Railway, a dozen cabins are situated and can be rented by the night or as we did for a longer period. A branch road off the main highway between Vancouver and Prince Rupert goes in to the Landing.

Near these summer cabins is the permanent home of Daniel Leon. Daniel is chief of the Frog Company of the Carrier Tribe. He is over eighty years of age,

Chief Faniel Leon of the Frog Company of the Carrier Tribe on Babine Lake poses for this picture in native costume. The headdress he wears is made of Eagle quills and the beaded section of the costume is over a hundred years old, he claims. These costumes are worn only on special occasions.

weather beaten and wrinkled but very interested in everything that goes on and with a keen sense of humor. He would often stand gazing off across the lake, his mind wandering back over the years and would talk of the olden days. In reminicent mood and in halting English he would recall the days gone by and when his thoughts became too involved would break into his native tongue. Then, as if realizing his inability to relate his story would stop abruptly with the remark 'me too tired talk today'. He often mentioned the days when other tribes would pounce down upon his people on the shores of this same lake and many a bloody battle had been fought. His wife, who is about the same age, was born on the lake shore to the left of the Landing, as were her mother and father before her.

In their home is a strange mixture of the past and present. If you paid them a visit you would probably find them squatted on the floor in native fashion, eating or maybe just talking. But they would immediately arise and proudly usher you into the parlor. This room, fairly large, is lined on either side with beds, so many that I assumed they were used when the whole family came to visit. Artificial flowers are displayed in vases about the room and the walls are adorned with pictures of the family, which they bring down for your inspection. At the furthest end of the room stands an altar, elegant with lace covering, beautiful statue and tall candles, and beneath this altar, stored in readiness, is the coffin of Chief Daniel himself. In this room the priest holds church service when he periodically visits the Landing.

Roaming the vicinity of this lake and valleys are the Babine, Chilcotin, Sekanais and Carrier Tribes who in turn are divided into companies or clans known as the Frog, Grizzly Bear, Grouse, Crow, Wolf etc -- a significant story is attached to the gaining of each name. It is a legend that the Grizzly Bear Tribe, whose home is at Fort Babine, attained its name in the following manner:- One day, it is believed, generations back, a group of native warriors, roaming the forest, came upon a large dark ob-

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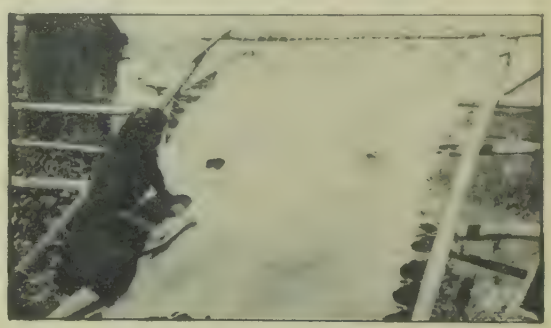
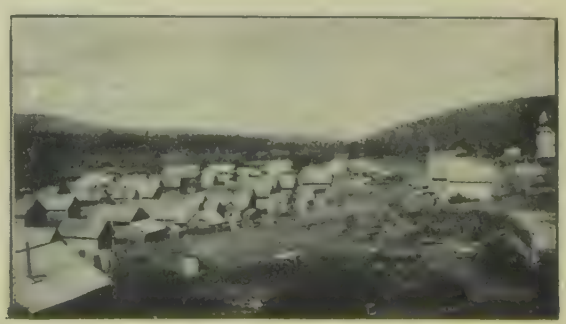


Fort Babine native girl busily scraping moose hide prepararory to tanning.



The native village of Fort Babine

ject up a tree. Curious as to what it was, they circled the tree and tried to persuade one of their number to climb and investigate. Eventually one of the braves, braver than the others, ascended, pulled what turned out to be a grizzly bear to the ground, and in a tussle that followed killed it with his knife. And so the tribe got its name and its leader. This story does not altogether ring true as it is a well-known fact that grizzlies do not climb trees. However this is the tale they tell and a legend they really believe.

Unlike the natives of the Pacific coast these people have never been interested in totem poles but four years ago it was decided that a totem pole should be erected so that the children, who are fast forgetting the meaning and history of the tribe, would remember how their clan, the conquerors of the ''great bear'' got its name. Their pole, unlike the elaborately carved ones of the coast natives, is merely a straight pole painted white with a crudely carved bear perched on the top and two rough carvings of the same animal near the base. However it has its own significance and they do not fail to draw your attention to it.

Explanation as to the meaning of the tribe names Babine and Carrier was interesting too. Many years ago tribes from other parts of the country came to the shores of the lake making war upon the people there -- always for the same reason -- to take away their women. As a protection against this it was decided that they would make their women ugly so that they would no longer be desirable to their neighbors, and so girls, from their early youth, were compelled to wear a piece of cottonwood or bone, about ½ inch in diameter, between their teeth and lips. This distended their lips as they grew, making them thick-lipped of ''lippy people'' which is the meaning of the word ''Babine.''

The ''Carrier'' tribe derived its name from the fact that the widows of the deceased warriors used to pick up from among the ashes of the funeral pyre, a few charred bones of their deceased, which escaped the ravages of the fire, and carry them on their backs in leather satchels.

Hunting and fishing have always been practically the only means of subsistence for these people. Game is plentiful in the surrounding woods. An encounter with a moose and a glimpse of a lynx make us eye-witnesses to this fact, and the streams and lakes are filled with an abundance of fish.

In the days before the coming of the white man the natives would travel the lake in birch-bark canoes. Today they are all possessors of outboard motors and large flat-bottomed row-boats and the hum of their motors can be heard at any time of the day or night as they travel back and forth on the lake. All the freighting for the Hudson's Bay Com-

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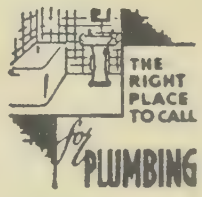

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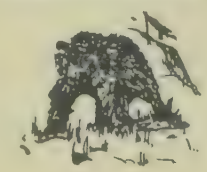

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pany from Topley Landing to Fort Babine, a distance of 50-odd miles, is done by these people and some of their boats carry as much as 5 tons of freight at a time.

During our visit we made the 50 mile trip up the lake to the Fort. A temperamental outboard motor caused us some difficulties along the way and we were forced to spend the night ashore, when darkness descended upon us while we were but half way to our destination. We spotted some empty buildings on the right bank and in a lean-to of one of these slept fitfully that night.

We later learned that we had been the uninvited guests at the winter home of Dominick West, a native who is referred to in the book ''Driftwood Valley'' by Theodors C. Stanwell-Fletcher.

We eventually made the Fort and were greeted by the Hudson's Bay factor whose gracious hospitality is typical of the people of the north. We felt, that night, as we lay on spring-filled mattresses that we were really on top of the world -- with all due respect to Dominick.

This is the time of year when the natives come from all around to fish for their winter supply. Some use nets, some traps and others we watched spearing them from the bridge. On the banks all along the river are smoke houses where the fish are smoked and dried for winter food. Often, they tell me, in the olden days, when the run of salmon failed, dire famine was not unknown to them. Today salmon still remains their main diet. A dish which is made up of a layer of salmon eggs and a layer of berries, another layer of salmon eggs

and another layer of berries and so on and buried in the ground in sealed containers for 3 or 4 months is considered by the older folk a great delicacy.

Here along the river banks dug-out canoes are still used as a means of transportation.

On a large rock by the side of the river is the imprint of a baby's foot and the legend is told of how a family generations before, fishing for their winter food, had a girl baby aboard the canoe who cried all the time. Tired of listening to her wailing and, unimportant as a girl baby was, they perched her on this rock while they went on down the river, intending to pick her up on the way back, but on their return the baby was gone and only the imprint of the tiny foot on the rock was left as proof of the tale.

One day I watched, with interest, a native girl scrape the hide of a moose, the first process in the making of moccasins, gun carriers, gloves and coats. It was wonderful to think that this stiff moose hide, from a moose shot only a short distance from where it was being tanned, could be the soft rich leather of the finished garments, and still being done, as they have been doing it for hundreds of years, by hand with the use of crude tools.

In the course of our wanderings I talked with the school teacher's wife who for the past few years has had an interesting and sometimes trying time as community nurse among these people. She explained that they still cling to their old ways and customs, especially in time of sickness, particularly the older folk, and it is with the younger generation that the only hope lies of teaching the superiority of the white man's methods of healing to those of witchcraft.

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The old custom of 'potlatch' is fast disappearing but occasionally one is still held, when a rich man of a company vies with those of other companies to see who can put on the most elaborate spread of eatables for the other clans and give away the best dressed skins --

The wooden box at the left of the picture contains the coffin of one of the Babine tribe. It is in readiness, 'just in case he dies.'

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making for himself a ''big name''.

When some member of the tribe dies official mourners are chosen and weird dances are engaged in. Apparently a lot of these primitive customs are still carried out but some of them very secretively.

Not uncommon is it to see, enclosed in a wooden box, and stored in some conspicuous place, a coffin of one of the members of the tribe who is still living a happy and healthy life. They buy these ahead and have them in readiness for the day when they will be needed. The same applies to tombstones which they like to choose for themselves. On our visit there two years ago we were delegated by one of the chiefs to see about a tombstone for his wife. On our trip there this year we found she had her tombstone alright and was still hale and hearty.

These people are very religious at heart and the church to them is very important. A big Catholic church stands in the centre of their community. It is beautiful inside with stained-glass windows and elaborate altar.

Many times during our visit the church bells chimed through the village.

The native men spend the winter on trap lines and the old custom of 'jawbone' or stake, given to them to start the winter, is still carried out by the Hudson's Bay Company, although most of them no longer need it.

This is very fine marten country and many beautiful pelts come from here.

Dogs are used to pack along the trap lines in the winter but in the summer, when the dogs are not working, they are left behind to fend for themselves. The village was full of the sorriest looking creatures I have ever laid eyes on, most of them half-starved. We had been warned when we went ashore at the Fort to bring any food we had aboard up to the house on account of the dogs and when we made the remark that it was mostly canned goods were assured that that made no difference to starving native dogs...they chewed right through the cans. This was the first time I have ever thought of dog's teeth acting as can-openers but it was correct. A pound of canned butter which had been inadvertantly missed when packing the things up, was licked clean as a whistle, we discovered the next morning, as was also a tin of cookies left behind.

On the east shore of the lake, inwards from Wright Bay, deep ruts showing an old wagon trail can still be seen. This trail was used many decades ago... a transportation route to Stuart Lake to the east. So old is this wagon trail that trees, now many inches in diameter, stand between these ruts. The country is full of primitive trails and wagon routes. The Catholic priest at the Fort today thinks nothing of trekking 40 miles of trail by foot into Takla Lake on some mission -- all part of his daily duty.

Hieroglyphic sketches on the rocks along the lake shore can still be seen

The pier at Topley Landing on Babine Lake.

This is the only totem pole to be found in the Babine district. It was erected in 1943 by the Grizzly Bear Company and but for a crudely carved bear perched on top and two rough carvings near the bottom looks for all the world like a telephone pole painted white.

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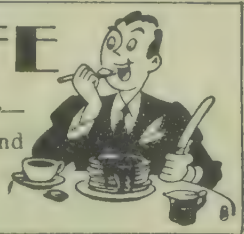

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presumably inscribed by the use of some red dye. No one knows how they got there or what they mean but they have been there as far back as the oldest of the natives can remember.

Due to lack of time our visit to this historic spot too soon had to end and we had to return to the Landing and thence back to the work-a-day world. But it was not without experiencing a little more of the primitive spice of this country -- for as dusk fell and we were within a few miles of our destination an unexpected rainless gale blew up and we had to take to the beach again, after shipping a couple of big waves over the bow. We had been warned that such might happen, and if so, had been told that under no circumstances were we to attempt to turn the point at Red Bluff, a notoriously bad spot along the way, where towering red cliffs are a dangerous wall to be lashed against in the event of engine trouble in a blow.

And so we saw a little more of the country in the raw as we built a fire on the shore from wood stacked in readiness there -- evidence of the fact that many others had spent just such nights as we in this haven from the elements. And in the shelter of our tent we slept till dawn brought calm waters and a safe passage home.

Yes it is indeed a great country and the freedom and easy-going living pace of its natives contrast to the hurry-scurry and din of our modern cities.

''That's the last time I'll pitch a tent in the dark!''

continued from page 40-B

natural that people in the southern regions have different views about the location of the highway from those of people in the northern regions. Again, in British Columbia, where whole mountain ranges separate areas of settlement there has been much disagreement as to the best route to be followed. Clearly a single highway is not adequate and, indeed, in a country of our resources, does not represent a very noble goal. In western Canada as in Ontario and Quebec several main highways with connecting links are required. A suggested Trans-Canada Highway System is shown on a map accompanying this article.

The Federal Highway Department must designate the existing provincial highways that correspond with the system chosen as Federal Aid Highways. The existing highways must be improved to conform to a federal standard as regards paving, width, curves, drainage, crossings, bridges, centre line, seasonal maintenance (including snow removal) and highway signs. Where there is no road in existence one must be built to conform to these standards.

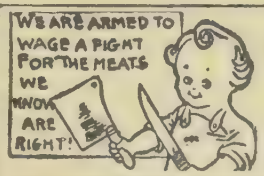
Now it is possible to imagine a large amount of haggling of the type evident at Dominion-Provincial conferences. This may be avoided in the following manner. Federal aid should be given on the following basis: ½ in the ratio that the area of a province or territory bears to the total area of the country, and ½ in the ratio that the population of a province or territory bears to the total population, provided that no province shall receive less than a fair fraction of the total. Note that I have included territories in the system. This brings up an important point.

The federal highway department must be charged with the duty of adding to the system in the direction of the frontier. The individual province cannot be expected to shoulder alone the burden of construction of highways into the frontier. This is especially so in the case of Ontario and Quebec where the frontier reaches its greatest size relative to the area of the cultivated and settled areas of the province. It is also true wherever, for example, as in the case of British Columbia and Alberta the highways lead into an area the development of which is under another government. But the frontier is there, it is Canada's opportunity for expansion and it must be developed. The suggested system takes this into consideration. Such places as Yellowknife and mining areas throughout the frontier as far east as Labrador will have to be taken into consideration. Where agricultural communities have shown, in the past, a marked reluctance to build roads into the frontier a federal department, deriving revenue from all sources and representing all regions, will be expected to show initiative in this respect.

A further point to emphasize in connection with this proposed system concerns road signs. Since it is to be a federal highway all signs used must be bi-lingual. This will allow all motorists, English-speaking and French-speaking to travel with ease from coast to coast, whether in rural areas or in the more sign-dotted urban areas. People of both languages will be made to "feel at home" wherever they go. The example of Quebec is worthy of study in this regard. Because there are bi-lingual signs it is possible for a traveller who speaks no French to make his way safely through even a congested metropolitan area.

The Trans-Canada Highway System can be more important than any other item of public works in the cementing of relationships between the peoples of Canada's two great cultures. The people want to know each other better.

McBride



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A highway system as outlined will let them get acquainted.

It needs no imagination to forsee the benefits that will result from the completion of the system. They are so obvious that the lack of any such system in Canada must be recognized for what it is - a menace to our National existence. It is so serious as to merit a declaration, on the part of the federal government, of a state of national emergency until the system is completed.

Let's get going on it, Canada--Coast to Coast and into the north via "Trans-Canada". What do you say?

BOWRON RIVER COAL

continued from page 26

George who does not pride himself on being 'progressive.'

There are undoubtedly, throughout B.C., hundreds of similar instances of everyday men in the street working at cross purposes with their neighbours, and with themselves -- and if they but knew it, they all want to go in the same direction--forward. Is it any wonder then that our government always seems to be betwixt and between -- when we set them such an example?

The Bowron coal field will undoubtedly be developed on a large scale, for it is the most accessible, but development in this field, and throughout B.C. could come much more quickly if we, the people, woke up to a full realization of the basic problems which must be overcome and tackled them with vigour and determination and all at the same time.

The Bowron coal field will undoubtedly be developed on a large scale for it is the most accessible of all undeveloped coal reserves, but development of this field, as well as other essential and much-needed development, would come much more quickly if we, the people, would only snap out of our lethargy; wake up to a full realization of what is holding back the province and unitedly express our determination to overcome these basic problems through intelligent co-operation. When that happens, our government, in reflecting our wishes, could not help but act positively and with foresight.....

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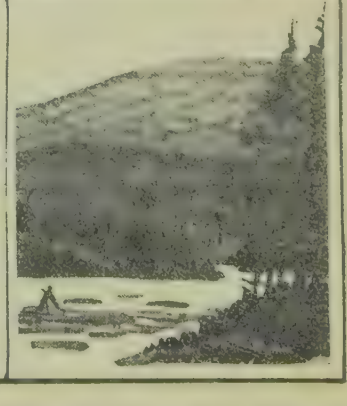

A school teacher with many years experience teaching in rural communities throughout B.C. gives his opinion on

RURAL EDUCATION

by W.C. MURRAY

For too long our higher education has been based upon a city pattern. True enough, W. C. Macdonald, the Canadian tobacco king, started agricultural colleges in Eastern Canada about the turn of the century. Every university in Western Canada has its department of agriculture, but the high school programmes have been slow in picking up suitable courses in agriculture for the boy who cannot, or will not, proceed to a degree in agriculture. With our high school year having a big blank in it during the best growing season, it has been considered impractical to teach agriculture in the high school. To teach animal husbandry from a practical point of view is also impossible, because what school board is going to build a barn, a chicken house, a pig pen, or fill an implement shed for demonstration purposes ?

The honourable Duncan Marshal had the right idea when he got his Department of Agriculture in Alberta to start schools of agriculture at key points in that province for boys and girls who did not even necessarily have a grade eight standing. The story of these schools would make a chapter of its own. The school at Olds is the only one that survived the depression, for the depression caused farms to become more mechanized, thus reducing the number of required farmers and farm hands. The depression and the war also cut off the immigration of European peasantry to our homesteads. As some of these immigrants and their children were prospective students of these schools, the attendance at the schools dropped when immigration dropped.

J. Woodburn of the advisory board of The British Columbia Farmers' Institute has declared that we should have a school similar to that operated by the Province of Alberta at Olds - a school on practical farming. The necessity of producing more foodstuffs to feed a war-starved Europe has altered some agricultural policies. It may interest Mr. Woodburn and others to know that the people of Alberta feel that the result of the Olds programme is not sufficiently far-reaching. They want practical farming taught in high schools throughout the province and are contemplating the decentralization of the equipment in Olds.

The Ontario Agricultural Commission of Enquiry two years ago tabled its report in the Ontario legislature. The matter of rural education was thoroughly dealt with in this report. Among other items they recommended: Adequate facilities for the development of the type of education required in rural communities. These facilities must include: (a) Proper buildings to house the essential courses and sufficient for the number of children to be educated. (b) Adequate equipment for the various courses, and electricity for all rural schools. (c) School grounds and surroundings to provide healthy physical and mental environment. These facilities should in every case be sufficiently varied to provide for: (among others) a basic education for those who intend to undertake agriculture as a vocation.

Agriculture in British Columbia is dependent upon markets among people engaged in forests, mines, and fisheries. H.R.MacMillan in submitting his brief to the Royal Commission on Forestry, pointed out that forty cents of every dollar of British Columbia's industrial income is from the sale of forest products Yet the number of qualified foresters is not more than a tenth of that required for the proper care and development of our forests. Qualified foresters are supposed to be university-trained men. Rangers and other fieldmen are selected for their practical knowledge and are as scarce as qualified foresters. All rangers and fieldmen should receive some type of training to prepare them for their work. To overcome this perpetual shortage and to provide some of the preparatory training, we feel strongly that, in this province, forestry, and its associated subjects, should have a definite place in our high school educational programme.

What applies to agriculture and what applies to forestry could well apply to mining and fisheries. Why should we not have High Schools of Forestry, High Schools of Agriculture, High Schools of Mining and High Schools of Fishing as well as Technical High Schools and Commercial High Schools. We want high schools that are interested in rural problems outside and beyond the mere mechanics of a trade and the manipulation of numbers for commerce - yet not ignoring the technical high school and the commercial high school. Why should we not have schools that provide for a basic education for those who intend to undertake forestry, mining, fishing or trapping as a vocation?

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With the present sparseness of population in the interior of British Columbia it could hardly be possible for any one town to support a high school that would accommodate all the various courses suggested above. But why whould we support the type of high school whose primary function is to prepare students for entrance to a university or a normal school that few of them will ever attend? Why should we expect our high school pupils to spend four years at home taking what they can get and then have them go elsewhere to get what they want to take? Why the academic high schools in the rural areas?

Why? Chiefly because of tradition. The schools throughout Canada, as in other countries, are for the most part hand-downs of a system that has slowly evolved from the scholasticism of the middle ages. It still adheres to principles of ecclesiastical origin. Good as many of these principles are, we would ask one or more apparently silly questions to show the absurdities of some of our adherence to tradition. Did you ever hear of Christmas examinations? What connection is there between the teaching of algebra and the birth of Christ? And why should pupils be examined in memory work before taking a holiday to celebrate the Resurrection? During the last twenty years we have done away with Christmas and Easter examinations, but we still have Christmas and Easter holidays for schools.

It is a certainty that we cannot go very far in the study of agriculture or forestry if we adhere to the traditional summer holiday. Summertime is the logical time for the study of biology and forestry. The true study of biology would open other fields of study in art, such as outdoor photography, in which our mutual friend, the late Bill Warden, was a shining example. By adhering to a wornout tradition we have wasted and are continuing to waste the best time of the year for the study of the basic elements of rural problems.

If we are going to educate the youth of tomorrow for rural life, we must reorient our timetable, our programme of studies, and our system of administration to fit the needs of the people. That this will cost money we fully realize. It is not intended that this should be an extra burden on the rural inhabitant. There must be a greater recognition of financial responsibility on the part of the state, including the federal government, because the benefits derived from the solution of rural problems will be reaped by urban people thooughout each province that develops its rural education, and ultimately throughout the entire Dominion.

It has been traditional in this country for children to be educated at home. The new set-up of larger districts may temporarily be working hardships on a few pupils. We contend that these hardships could be overcome by the establishment of dormitories. We see no reason why the establishment of dormitories

could not be a factor in helping to provide more specialized high schools across the interior of this province. In these schools we could get away from the 'at-home-ness' of higher education, but not too far away.

Suppose we had an Agricultural School at Williams Lake, a Commercial School at Quesnel; an Academic High School and School of Fine Arts at Prince George; a Technical and Mining School at Wells; a Forestry School at McBride or Burns Lake; another Agricultural School at Vanderhoof; and a School of Fisheries at Prince Rupert? If each of these schools had dormitories, you would not have to send your boy or your girl very far to get the high school education that would make him a more useful citizen than he can ever expect to be under our present system of virtually enforced academic education.

We can already hear many academic teachers trying to howl down these suggestions. Immediately they will display the old traditional theories of general education, but the day has gone when a pair of boots was a pair of boots. Today we want shoes that fit our feet and fit them properly. That the academic education has the fits-all features acclaimed for it by the academic teachers is so much bunk. There is a great deal of waste in education but a great portion of it is caused by insisting upon trying to teach the hoary hand to wear the silk glove.

This insistance is not entirely the teacher's responsibility. Much of it is the result of the apathy of the public. This apathy is tied up with our traditional economic system which has always compelled John Public to ask not how good it is, but how cheap it is.

We can admit that the first tax notice under the Cameron plan gave many taxpayers quite a jolt. The jolt caused a howl and the howl was a timely reminder to the government that there were rough spots in the Cameron scheme to be ironed out. We were glad that the government was provoked by the howl to investigate matters further. We were also glad that it stirred up interest in a new educational policy. We trust that interest will be kept stirred up because the Cameron plan was not intended to be final. It was only the beginning.

Prince George, Wells, Quesnel, and Williams Lake are to be congratulated on their continuous improvements in school building, but at the rate people are flowing into the country there will be more schools needed.

American capitalists are coming in to try their hands at some of the old min-

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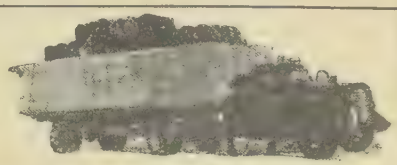

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ing gambles. If they win the pot, who knows where a new school will have to be built? These Americans are coming in also to develop our tourist attractions and to settle on our ranches. They want their children to have educational opportunities and facilities equal to what they would have south of the border.

What some of these opportunities and facilities are, you may already be acquainted with. Others you will become acquainted with as more up-to-date schools are being built. Not meaning to insult anyone's intelligence, but rather in fairness to those who have shouldered the responsibilities of providing improvements in the Cariboo, we take leave to point a few of them out. The transportation equipment is only one of the many new articles of equipment. You have equipment today that you didn't have ten years ago. Quesnel and Wells have been fortunate in having good community halls close to their schools for indoor sports such as basketball, badminton, physical education, games and tumbling. These halls have been available too, for dramatics and other extra-curricular activities. Prince George has been fortunate in having the facilities for these activities set into their own school building. This provision lightens the labour of timetable arrangements and it is good to know that other central schools will soon have similar facilities.

Prince George has the only school in these parts equipped with a complete internal public address system. This system is an impetus to dramatic and musical programmes, of thich there are not yet enough in Cariboo schools. The system in Prince George includes an

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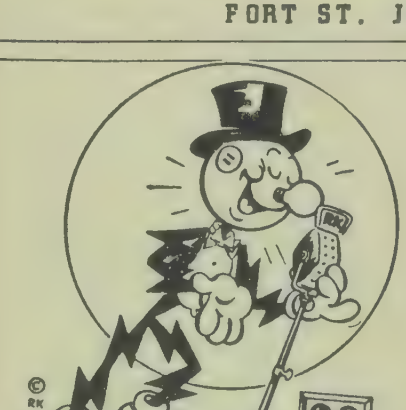

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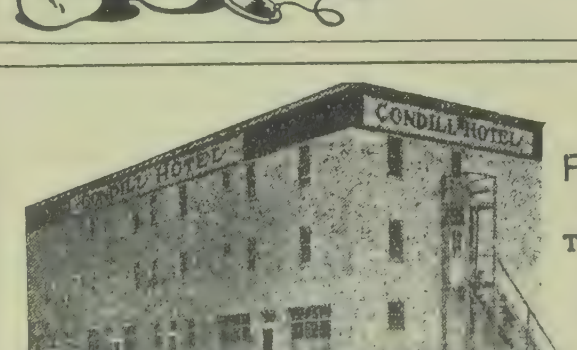

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inter-room communication system which reduces a principal's problems of administration. We need similar systems for our schools at Williams Lake, Quesnel, and Wells. Visual Educational equipment is another item that is receiving considerable attention from British Columbia School Boards.

You may suspect from what little has already been said that there are other things needed that you didn't have in your school when you were a boy. That may be so, but there are also things needed that we did have in some of our schools in Eastern Canada forty years ago, which, for some reason or other, people in British Columbia are just waking up to or haven't heard of yet. The old hand bell is the grandmother of the electric bell; the electric bell is the mother of the automatic alarm clock. Yet outside of Prince George there isn't an automatic alarm clock system in this country. No teacher can juggle an automatic alarm system as he can a hand bell tied to his own watch. Why is not each departmentalized school in British Columbia equipped with one?

We have done without typewriters and other commercial equipment. We have looked upon manual training equipment and domestic science equipment as something we could hardly afford in our own homes. The day for cooking our bannock beside a hot stove is gone. We shall have these new training devices as soon as we can find teachers with the training to handle them. With our present salary schedule we can draw them from other provinces almost immediately, if we cannot find them in British Columbia. There are some in British Columbia for they have been teaching commercial subjects, manual training, and domestic science in Vancouver almost as long as they have in Ontario. Many teachers in these lines were drawn away from teaching by the war, but some should be available now.

You farmers and mill operators can readily understand that a man would rather work for the other fellow if the other fellow's equipment is better than yours. Teachers are working men too. Whether their affiliation with labour was necessary to induce school boards to purchase better equipment is problematical, but the fact still remains that the better equipped school will attract the experienced teacher. So it behooves you to have your school well equipped, if you expect to retain the services of any teacher with experience or if you want teachers to stay in the teaching profession. Too often teaching has been a job that someone has taken until he could find something else to do - something like hand-milking cows in that respect.

What applies to equipment also applies to living conditions. Someone has said that the day of pioneering is gone. Only under forced circumstances will some people tolerate primitive living conditions. To understand the reason for this requires only a little consid-

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eration of the conditions under which many people are brought up and trained. When you consider that approximately two-thirds of the population of this province lives either in Vancouver or within thirty miles of Vancouver, and when you further consider the people who live in other cities of the province, from Victoria to Trail, you must realize that few of your teachers know anything of pioneering or of living under primitive conditions.

A teacher finds it difficult to teach children the necessity for cleanliness when she has to break ice in a cold water jug before she can wash the sleep out of her eyes, especially when she never saw a cold water basin and jug before she entered her first school boarding house. Teachers are going to demand better living conditions, and these will have to be provided by their employers, just as the railways, other industries, the banks, and the churches provide adequate living quarters for their servants.

How are the rural districts going to face these city notions that are being thrust upon them? Many have tried to answer that question by deserting the rural areas and running away to the city. Now that the war is over we find some of these runaways returning to the rural areas and bringing a few friends with them. That the desire to live in the country is a natural aftermath of the war is apparent by the increase in population in the Cariboo since hostilities ceased. How to hold these people here is our problem.

The provision of good schools, well-equipped might hold teachers here. The provision of satisfactory and satisfying living conditions will hold pupils here only so long as their parents can be held here. Their parents can be held here only so long as a profitable living can be secured for them.

This problem of financial security in the rural areas is a big problem of rural education. If education is to enable us to solve problems, then rural education must teach us to solve rural problems. When our city friends talk about going out to the country they usually mean going to some farm or ranch. We have plenty of rural areas in British Columbia that are not essentially farming areas. For the purpose of this article then, we have considered 'rural' as referring to any district in which people depend upon some primary industry for a living. Such districts not only include the ranch, the farm, the orchard, and the market garden, but also the mining camp, the lumber camp, the fishing village and the trapline, and those towns which cater to the needs of all engaged in the obtaining of raw materials. "Even kings and queens depend upon the man behind the plow." So our cities depend upon the rural areas, for without the production of raw materials in these outlying districts our cities would not exist. Thus it would do well for city people to get interested in rural education -- in the rural problem.

What land should be settled and what land should not be settled for agriculture? Can we make better use of our waste land, our idle land? Can we make better use of medicinal herbs, native to our province? Why have we depended on Czecho-Slovakia and England for dishes, and find that when a war comes along we can hardly buy a cup and saucer? Why are some of us waiting for bricks with which to build our chimneys? There is plenty of clay in British Columbia. Can we take the oil from our pilchards, the resins from our jackpine and with our own minerals make our own paint? Can we provide ourselves with cheaper electricity? Can we ------? This is the rural problem for which we must educate our children.

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Mail Haul at "Six"

by CARIBOO KING

"With cold, trembling hands Sandy bent down and struck the match. It sputtered, sent up a whisp of smoke but failed to light. Anxiety was etched upon our faces as we bent over the makings of a fire. We had one more match left; it, too, was damp. We had tramped the bush during the course of eight solid hours, not knowing where we were going; we had no compass, no food, no watch, and one match left! Too, Sandy had a mail haul at six, and we had left a whole buck deer on the deck of his truck. Rain was descending; we were wet through; and the inevitable result of men, who venture into the unknown wilderness without compass, guide or watch, was our lot. We were lost, as completely as the proverbial needle in a haystack. But Sandy, nevertheless, hauled mail at six!"

We had left town that never-to-be-forgotten morning at the early hour of five o'clock, driving out the road north of town, over the Nechako River bridge. Far ahead of the truck a bull moose had crossed the road and, although we had pursued the belligent bull, we had failed to make contact. He had disappeared as suddenly and as completely as he had come upon the scene.

Our next contact with game came unexpectedly, surprisingly, and quickly. About twenty minutes after we had left the vicinity of the bull moose, we parked the truck and hiked down a trail toward a lake that is yet unnamed as far as I know and am concerned. It is secluded, not known to the general run of hunters, and boasts some lovely mule deer in its environs. We had reached the end of the trail and we were standing in a natural clearing, overlooking the lake. Sandy saw the flash of grey and white first. The symmetrical set of antlers, gracing the head of the buck, could be readily seen.

"You can take that one home," said Sandy. "He's a nice one." The deer came into an opening in the forest. He fired. It was a quick difficult shot. He missed. Off to the right a trail led up from the lake. I had noticed that the deer had swung over and would cross the trail ahead. Running up the trail as fast as I could go, I slowed to a stop as the deer came out of the forest and paused behind a clump of willows. With the first shot, he went down; the echoes had hardly died out before the buck was up. The next shot through the shoulder put him down for keeps.

"Got him!" I yelled to Sandy. "He sure is a nice one." We had bagged our game in less than two hours after leaving home. In fact, we had seen a bull moose and shot a buck deer before seven o'clock.

"Now we'll load up your three cords of birch wood," said Sandy. We had planned to take in three cords of birch and make the trip pay. But, after dragging our deer out to the truck, and driving in to the birch pile, we decided that we would like to look an old burn over. Moose generally hang out in such localities. After a fire the second growth of evergreens, the willow and alder thickets, make excellent cover and provender for the moose family. We knew this fact, and we knew where there was a large burn, but we didn't know the country on the east, west and north sides of the burn, which proved to be our nemesis. True, we should have been satisfied with the sight of a bull moose and with a mule deer in the bag. But we were not, and we paid the penalty for our greed and selfishness. We lost out completely -- almost.

When we had hunted toward the north side of the burn, we decided it was time to make tracks back to the truck. But our decision was easier said than done, without a compass, guide or trail. I see so plainly now; we angled off toward the right and became twisted up in virgin wilderness. We topped a rise in the forest floor and saw a lake spread out before us in panoramic view. We decided that it would give us a cue to our whereabouts; surely one end would

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touch civilization. Which end was north, south, east or west we did not know, so we decided to hike along the shoreline of the lake and got nowhere. We came to the conclusion that we were hopelessly lost. We were.

"I have visions of a night or two in the bush," said Sandy, pausing to rest awhile. "They'll have search parties on foot and aeroplanes overhead," he concluded.

"That is, if they consider us worth searching for, and worth bringing out of the bush," I replied. He grinned, although neither of us felt like going into flights of ecstasy and joy. One should, nevertheless, keep his head clear in such a predicament. To become panicky, in the bush, is fatal. Ninety-percent is not too high a percentage to place here. If a man can keep a cool, level head, he has won ninety-percent of the battle. This point cannot be stressed too much -- keep cool! To become panicky and tear through the wilderness in all directions, or even in one direction, will prove to be the undoing of the unfortunate forest traveller or hunter. It is far better to remain in one place than to wander in so many circles in a haphazard way.

"Looks like we can't do much in the way of direction finding until we line up the contour of the country one way or another," said Sandy. "But what can we do in such weather? Visibility is absolutely at zero."

"Did you ever pray?" I replied, gazing out upon the rain-soaked forest and the murky clouds.

"Sure," said Sandy. "It's about all that we can do right now." If you've ever been lost without a compass, guide, watch or matches - except for a few soggy ones - with your clothes soaked to the skin. (If we stood still we began to chill; if we walked our legs almost creaked from the strain.) If you've ever felt a hunger-pang in the pit of your stomach, if you have ever felt the great wilderness hemming you in like a great monster of destruction and holding you in a vise-like grip, you may not have prayed in years, but brother, you might then, no kidding!

"I think we should consider the philosophy of the Indian who was lost," I said, breaking the silence of the surrounding forest with my words and easing the dull, monotonous sound of the tramp of our feet. "When the Indian bumped into a white man, he said: 'Indian no lost; Indian just turned around!'"

"Sure," replied Sandy. "But to be turned around is as bad as being lost if you don't know the direction you're turned around in. But I guess it's the way you look at the situation that counts."

"Right," I replied. "The fact that the Indian could philosophize under trying circumstances proved beneficial to himself. Anybody could philosophize while sitting beside a warm fire in a soft easy chair. The Indian had the right slant on the situation."

"Funny," said Sandy, changing the topic of our conversation, "we haven't seen any sign of game, only one squirrel. It's the usual thing, I suppose, when a person is lost."

"Sure is," I replied. "There...." Off to the right a willow grouse exploded out of a thicket of alders and flew up into a spruce tree, stopping our conversation at the crucial point.

"Let's see if you can use that 30-30," suggested Sandy. "That grouse may have to do us for dinner and supper. Take him in the neck!" I lined up the grouse and squeezed off the trigger. It came down with its head and part of its neck severed completely from its body. If you don't believe me, ask Sandy. He will tell you that I did it. But I must confess that my shot was sort of lucky.

We retrieved our grouse, and continued our endless tramping in the woods, up hill and down, over windfalls and under, until we decided to eat our grouse as we were more than hungry. We gathered dry wood, dead twigs on standing trees and dry bark too, but we never did light our fire. Sandy looked sceptically at our two damp matches that we possessed. He scratched one on a dry stone, it sputtered, smoked and went out. We had one match left, and we decided that we had best keep it intact and try to dry it out in a shirt pocket that had escaped the rain. Our grouse was never cooked in the bush, although we did contemplate eating it raw.

As the afternoon began to lengthen, Sandy began to be concerned. He had a mail haul at six. Fortunately, the clouds began to break and the mountains showed up in the distance; we took our bearings accordingly and struck out, heading across country as fast as our tired legs would carry us, which was not so fast. But we were getting somewhere now. We were hiking in the right direction. The country's contour began to become familiar; we were entering known territory.

"This is the last time that I'll ever go into the hills without a compass," said Sandy. "I'm going to buy one the next time I'm in town."

"That's what we say each time we are lost. This time is the third time we have been bushed and have been able to get out before nightfall," I replied. He didn't buy a compass, I might add, neither did I, but yours truly had a fine one presented to himself as a gift. And the next time Sandy went hunting he borrowed it. It worked beautifully.

We had climbed the last ridge and there, stretched before us in panoramic view, lay the burn, like a black blotch upon the wilderness beauty -- the direct result of a forest fire. But no living forest of spruce or balsam, no scintillating valley of evergreens, looked more welcome to the wilderness traveller than that valley of burnt-over forest growth did to us that day. In other words, we had our bearings; we were on the way out.

We hiked over toward the burn, entering it about midway and progressing in a southerly direction. We struck a clump of evergreens, hiked about half a mile through a stand of virgin timber and struck the trail that led to our truck and the outside world. But our feet were dragging when we arrived at the truck; our backs were aching and our legs were almost buckling beneath us. What a welcome sight -- the truck! Too, our buck deer was still lying on the deck of the truck.

"We've hiked all over this neck of the woods, looking for big game," said Sandy, "and we have a nice mule deer on the truck. What more do we want? If we weren't so greedy, we wouldn't have lost our directions; we'd be at home now, getting on the outside of some home-cooked grub. Let's eat anyway. I'd rather eat outdoors, to tell you the truth, beside a smoky, crackling fire, than eat anywhere in the world -- except at home," he added with a grin. We did. We lit a fire, using some gas from the truck, and heaping birch bark and dead branches on the fire. We soon had a welcome blaze roaring up, while we munched on sandwiches and drank hot coffee from a thermos. We had not eaten since early morning breakfast, and we were ravenously hungry. Did that food taste good? It sure did. We downed what comprised our lunches and dinners -- sandwiches, buns, cake, an apple pie (deep), home-made cookies and coffee. And we polished off the works! Then we stretched out beside our fire and rested our weary limbs. After recovering sufficiently -- I do not exactly know what from, whether the hike or the grub -- we loaded three cords of birch wood on the truck, tied the mule deer on top and headed for home.

If you do not think that fire wood is a needed commodity in our neck of the woods, you have never lived in the Cariboo. Meat is necessary, too. We had both -- a load of wood and a buck deer. Also we had experienced the plight of many a hunter. (We have nerve enough to tell about it, others might not.) For the third time, and I hope, the last, we had become lost in the wilderness of the north and found a way out before dark -- without compass, without guide, or watch. But we'll never do it again. We have no desire to do so; after three times through the wilderness mill, we have learned our lessons. Sure, Sandy hauled mail at six!

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As an ambulance sped down the street,
And mayhap you've heard the lion's
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Down in Africa's grim desert heat.

Or the piercing cry of the tiger
At night as he stalks his prey,
Or the locomotive's high shrill whistle
As it sped through the night on its
way.

But these sounds sink to a whisper
You've heard naught, I assure you,
till I've told
Of the blood-curdling cry of the Kee Bird
In the Arctic's cruel frigid cold.

This bird looks just like a buzzard,
It's large, it's hideous, it's bold
In the night as it circles the North Pole
Crying, Kee,Kee,Keerist but it's cold.

The Eskimos tucked away in their Igloos
Toss restfully in their sleep,
While the Huskies asleep in a snow bank
Start burrowing way down deep.

For this cry is so awe-inspiring
It freezes the blood I'm told
As the Kee Bird flies in the Arctic
Crying Kee,Kee,Keerist but it's cold.

The Mounties, abroad in their dog sleds,
Visiting these wards of the Crown
Often hear this cry and stare skywards
With a fierce and sullen frown.

For odd things happen in the Arctic
And many weird tales they have told
But their voices drop to a whisper
At the cry, Kee, Kee, Keerist but
it's cold.

And many brave men on this base site
Strong and bold, from a Northwest
State,
Are taking the first train back to
Homeland
To forget this fierce bird's song of
hate.

They can 'take it' it seems, in the day
time,
But when the midnight hour is tolled,
They cover their heads in shameless
fright
Crying Kee,Kee,Keerist but it's cold.

So back to the States they are going
To sleep in a real bed, as of old,
To slip their strong arms 'round their
loved one
Her fair slender form to enfold.

Then off to sleep in warm comfort
And wifey's soft hand they will hold
To wake, terrorized by a 'Kee Bird'
nightmare
And the cry Kee, Kee, Keerist but
it's cold.

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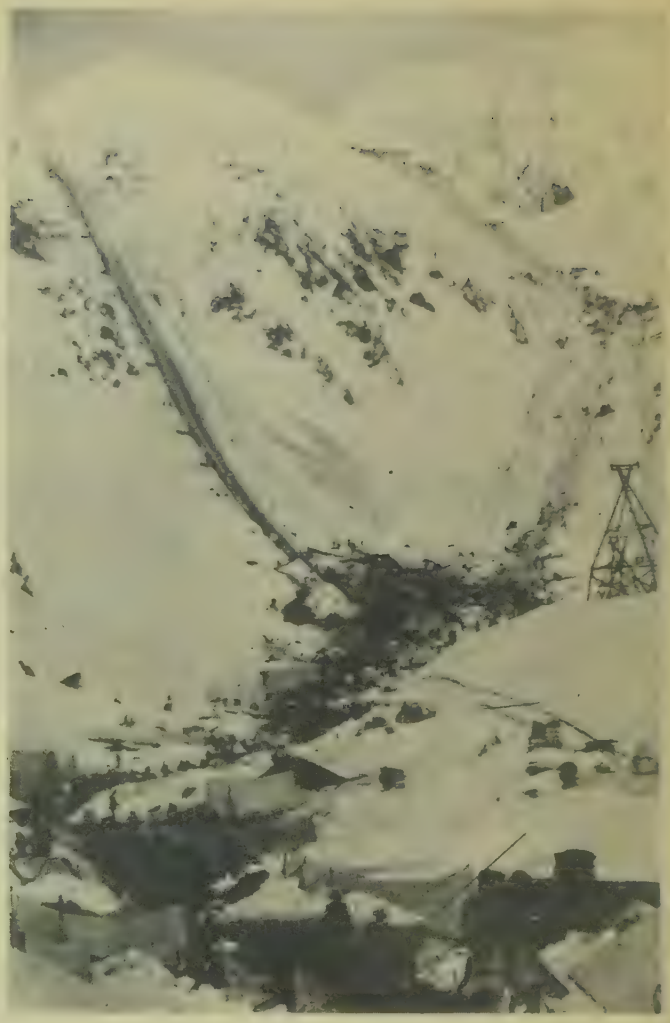
"TRAIL OF -98"

by W.D. MacBRIDE



The Chilcoot Pass on the Trail of -98 to the Klondyke goldfields.

The problem of transportation to the Yukon was created on Aug. 17, 1896 when Geo. Washington Carmacks and two Indians, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie, discovered large deposits of placer gold on Bonanza Creek (then called Rabbit Creek), a tributary of the Klondike River (then known as the 'Trondeg'). Credit for the discovery is also given to Robert Henderson, who had found gold in paying quantities in the same area. This date, celebrated in the Yukon as 'Discovery Day', is a Territorial holiday. When news of this rich strike reached the outside world many thousands of people flocked to the new diggings. There was a frenzied scramble to put old vessels into commission and to construct new ones, and all the Pacific Coast ports began to hum with activity. The resulting stampede reached its peak in the winter of 1897 and the year of 1898, and the trail to the Klondike is called the 'Trail of '98' just 49 years after California's famous gold rush of '49. Every possible or impossible way of entrance to the Yukon Valley was attempted.

There was the 'Stikine Route' by ocean from coast ports to Fort Wrangell, Alaska, and up the Stikine River by poling boat and small river steamer to Telegraph Creek, thence overland 150 miles to Teslin Lake, where small boats and scows were built from whip-sawed lumber, down the Teslin River to the Yukon, and on to Dawson. In the fall of 1897 steamer machinery and a sawmill were hauled to Teslin Lake from Telegraph Creek, and the Steamer 'Anglian' arrived in Dawson City July 18, 1898, with about 40 members of the Canadian militia, known as the 'Yukon Field Force' who were sent to the Yukon to preserve order. A herd of cattle was brought in over the Stikine Trail and slaughtered at Teslin Lake and loaded on small barges. The lake got rough and the barges were swamped, and the Teslin Indians had their first taste of fresh beef, or 'Cheechaco Moose', as they called it. A resident of the Whitehorse district, Mr. Charles McConnell, was a packer on the Teslin trail, and eventually made his way from Teslin to Atlin, B.C., and Whitehorse. He has never been out of the Yukon, and proudly boasts that he's never seen Skagway and never will, unless the Railroad gives him a pass. My father, Frank R. Miles,

oldseekers crossing Lake Marsh on the -98 trail. The boats and scows were manufactred from whatever material was at hand. Note the lady seated on the deck chair on he scow at right.

A close-up of the camp at the base of the Chilcoot Pass.

followed the Stikine trail, and in the spring of 1898 built a boat on the White Swan River near the head-waters of Teslin Lake; the boat was caught in a log jam, turned turtle, and the entire outfit was lost; some sacks of flour were salvaged from the river and later sold in Dawson City for $1.00 per pound, which was the prevailing rate for practically all food supplies. The Canadian government sent a construction crew of 400 men up the Stikine to build a railroad to Teslin Lake, but the project was cancelled. Many miles of corduroy road were constructed by these men over the swamps of the Teslin trail.

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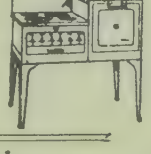

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Dawson City looking from the 'Dome'.

Cantilever bridge on the White Pass route.

There was the 'Edmonton Trail,' the 'All Canadian Route,' the toughest of them all. This followed to some extent

the present location of the Alaska Highway, but entered the Yukon Valley at the head waters of the Pelly River, where years later U.S.Army Engineers surveyed a possible route for a railway from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks. It took about two years to reach Dawson City via this route. Many stampeders turned back, and many were buried along the trail. One party left Wyoming with 75 horses and arrived in Dawson with three, some two years later. Some of the Edmonton trail stampeders followed the Mackenzie River north to the Rat River; up the Rat and over a portage to the head-waters of the Porcupine River, down the Porcupine to Ft. Yukon, and by river steamer to Dawson City and reached that point ahead of their companions who came down the Pelly River, some losing their outfits in the treacherous Hoole Canyon.

There was the 'Valdez Trail,' ocean to Valdez, up the Copper River and across the Scholai Pass to the White River by dog team, handsled and packhorse. At the White, boats and scows were thrown together and the stampeders reached Dawson by the White and Yukon Rivers.

There was the all-water route, from Coast ports 2500 miles up from St. Michael near the mouth of the Yukon River, thence 1600 miles upstream to Dawson City by river steamer. This route was the most luxurious for the traveller, but took six weeks or more for the trip. The bulk of supplies for the Klondike area moved via St. Michael until the completion of the White Pass Railway.

There was the 'Dalton Trail,' cut through the wilderness by Jack Dalton, along the route now followed by the Haines Highway. The old trail crossed the present Alaska Highway at Champagne, thence to Hutshi Lake, and down the Nordenskiold River to its confluence with the Yukon below Five Finger Rapids. This was the 'toll road' and all travellers with horses had to pay a 'toll' to Jack Dalton. Foot travellers were not assessed. A herd of cattle was driven over this trail, and the few survivors sold in Dawson City for $1.00 a pound, on the hoof. Jack Dalton died recently in San Francisco at the age of 89 years.

There was the 'Chilkoot Pass,' from Dyea, adjacent to Skagway, where thousands toiled to the 'summit,' hauling sleds or with packs on their backs, to reach Lake Lindeman which is connected by water with Lake Bennett. Perhaps the saddest accident in the Klondike Stampede was an avalanche on the approach to Chilkoot's summit, which struck a long line of Klondikers, burying between 50 and 60 men. Some of the bodies were not found until the following summer when the snow melted away. An aerial Tram was operated over the summit of the Chilkoot in 1898 and freight shipments were handled from Dyea to Lake Bennett for 13 cents per pound.

There was the 'White Pass,' named for Sir Thomas White, Canadian Minister of the Interior. Traffic for the White Pass

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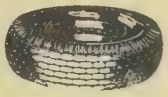

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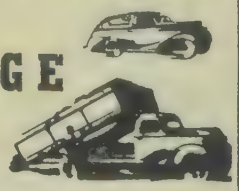

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was dumped ashore by ocean steamers at Skagway. The trail wound up the Skagway River through a canyon, later to be called 'Deadhorse Gulch,' where in after years the glistening bones of hundreds of packhorses might be seen from a parlor car of a railway train, and where today a monument stands, erected by an Alaska packer in memory of the horses who died on the White Pass. When the summit was passed, the trail continued through swamps to the head of Lake Bennett where it converged with the Chilkoot Trail. The bulk of foot travel followed the Chilkoot Pass as the route was considered easier. Approximately 25,000 came over the Chilkoot in 1898. At Lake Bennett, boats, scows and rafts were constructed of rough boards whip-sawed from native trees by manpower. A navigable water-way lay before them all the way to Dawson City, approximately 550 miles. Many a story is told of partners who quarrelled, separated and meticulously divided their outfits in halves, including their rudely constructed boats. As many as 5000 were camped at the head of Lake Bennett at times, and there were tent stores, restaurants and saloons and bunkhouses. A church erected by the stampeders still stands at Bennett. The colored glass windows from this church are now installed in the Air Base Chapel at the Whitehorse Airport.

Various transportation companies were started in connection with the Skagway route during the winter of 1897 and spring of 1898. A large portion of supplies were taken over the 'Brackett Road' from Skagway to White Pass City, a distance of 13 miles. The toll for driving your own team over this road was $20.00 per ton. Packhorses and dog teams were also used, and many gold seekers relayed their outfits to the summits on their backs.

In the spring of 1898 a number of small steamers were constructed at the head of Lake Bennett. These steamers operated from Bennett to Canyon City, a point about one and one-half miles above the present Canyon Bridge, which, incidentally is the only bridge across the main Yukon River. The construction of two tramways with wooden rails and wooden cars with flanged metal wheels was completed in the spring of 1898. These tram cars were hauled by horses and mules in tandem. The remains of the wooden rails may still be seen, and one of the tram cars is still at 'Canyon City.' The Tramway on the east side of the river was called 'The Whitehorse Rapids Tramway Co.' The tariff by tramway was three cents per pound for the five mile distance. The two tram lines had the right of way through the river valley and the White Pass and Yukon had to pay a steep price to the tram owners for the railroad right of way through the river valley. Early in 1898 some of the small steamers were taken through the canyon and rapids, and operated on the Whitehorse-Dawson run, and soon thereafter additional steamers arrived

The White Pass railroad connecting Whitehorse with the coast at Skagway follows 'Dead Horse' gulch for part of the way.

Scene from Lake Bennett in 1898.

from the lower Yukon.

The tent encampment below Whitehorse Rapids at the northern terminus of the Rapids Tramway company was located on the east bank of the river near the present ferry landing and the old log building that may be seen there today was the first edifice and living quarters of the Government Telegraph Service of Canada. This settlement shortly after the construction of the railway commenced came to be known as 'Closeleigh' after the owners of the railway.

When the railroad came through the town of Whitehorse, named from the white caps or white 'horses' of the rapids, came into being, and some of the buildings from Closeleigh were moved across the river. The lower portion of the Masonic Hall in Whitehorse was the 'Savoy' Hotel of Closeleigh.

In the early spring of 1898, Michael J. Henry, a young Irish Canadian of much experience in railroad construction had perceived the necessity of a railroad from the Pacific Ocean to the

Steamer 'Clifford Sifton' in Miles Canyon -- below Whitehorse.

Miles Canyon in wintertime.

Hardy Fruit Trees and Shrubs

WRITE :

ALASKA HIGHWAY NURSERIES

H. GILES, manager

P.O. BOX 538 DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Yukon River. Alone and unaided he had made a cursory survey of the terrain from Skagway to Lake Bennett. It was indeed fortuitous that in St. James Hotel in Skagway, M. J. Heney attracted the attention of three men who were in Skagway on a similar mission, on which they had practically decided to make an adverse report. These men were Sir Thomas Tancrede, an engineer representing Close Brothers of London, England; Samuel H. Graves, their U.S. representative, and E.C. Hawkins, an American engineer. Heney had the vision, the faith, and the enthusiasm, and the other men could and did produce the finances, so the White Pass and Yukon Route was created with Graves the first president of the new company, Heney, the contractor, and Hawkins chief construction engineer. Mr. V. I. Hahn, present superintendent of the railway, was on the engineering staff. On May 27, 1898, men, horses, and material were landed at Skagway, and the following morning the ribbons of steel were pointing north through the White Pass. On July 21, 1898 the first trains were put in use and operated for a distance of four miles out of Skagway. This was quite an historic event, and it was the first railroad train carrying passengers ever operated in Alaska or so far north anywhere on the American continent. The

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railroad reached the summit of White Pass on February 18, 1899, and the head of Lake Bennett on July 6, 1899.

In August, 1899, my mother and I came to Skagway on the S.S. 'City of Topeka,' accompanying my father who was again en route to Dawson City. We stayed at the 'Fifth Avenue' Hotel in Skagway, which is still standing, but not in use, and made the trip over the road to the Summit, with an uncle, Murray B. Miles, who was the first conductor on the new railroad. Being rather young my memories of this trip are somewhat vague and confined to small incidents. For instance, along the right of way near a camp at the summit, there was an evergreen tree literally covered with chunks of bread and hotcakes, cached by the pine squirrels to keep their hoard safe from the ground squirrels.

The construction of the railroad between Caribou Crossing (now known as Carcross) and Whitehorse was completed on June 8, 1900, and the Bennett to Carcross section received the golden spike on July 29, 1900.

The building of the White Pass Railroad was attended by more than ordinary difficulties. It was a thousand miles from supply bases and there were no telegraph lines connecting this area with the States. Steamer sailings were irregular. On August 8th, 1899, 1500 employees during that day and the succeeding few days, threw down their picks and started off pellmell on a gold stampede to Atlin, B.C. Thus only a few hundred men were left on the job and it was necessary at once to begin filling the places left by the men, and it was also necessary to break in the men who did fill the vacancies. Nearly all the work between Skagway and Summit was in the solid rock. Immense quantities of powder were used for blasting. In one

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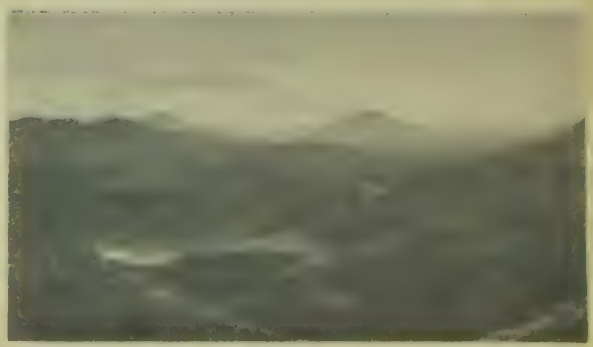

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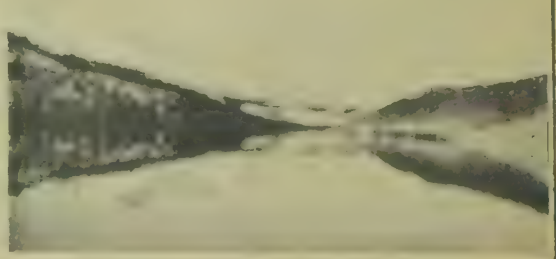

Whitehorse rapid - Yukon River - which had to be 'run' by the thousands of gold-seekers.

Early day photo showing two expert canoe men transporting a passenger down the rapids in a light canoe.

case a cliff 120 feet high, 70 feet in depth, and 20 feet in thickness was blasted away. In some cases the mountain sides were so steep the men had to be suspended by ropes to prevent their falling off while cutting the grade A short distance from the Summit a deep V shaped canyon is spanned by a steel cantilever bridge 215 feet in height from the creek bed below. Sixteen miles from Skagway occurs the first and only tunnel on the line. This tunnel is two hundred and fifty feet in length, but probably no tunnel in the world was ever built under greater difficulties than were encountered in boring this comparatively short distance. Supplies and machinery had to be packed up the steepest trail imaginable. At Lewes Lake, 81 miles from Skagway, a location had been made along the east shore of

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Front Street Dawson City - July 4th-1899.

that lake but the shoreline was so indented with coves that in order to obtain a better line the surface of the water was lowered about fourteen feet. This was done by excavating an outlet channel. However, the unforseen happened. The water, after remaining stationary for some time, cut its way through the sandy outlet, forming an enormous canyon in the lake bed. This reduced the lake level over seventy feet, and left a dozen small lakes separated from the main body, in which trout are still living.

All told there were 35,000 men at work on the line, from say, the first of June, 1898, to the first of October, 1900, and of this number there were only thirty-five deaths from all causes including sickness as well as accidents. A very intelligent class of workmen were employed. A large proportion were men anxious to reach the gold fields and who did not care to start down river until the opening of navigation. Many who worked during the summer months were those whose funds had become exhausted and they were working to replenish their capital, so as to enable them to go prospecting. No Asiatic labor was employed on the railroad.

From sea level the railroad ascends to a summit of 2,885 feet in 21 miles but its highest elevation is reached at Log Cabin, a station at Mile Post 33, which has an elevation of 2,915 feet. The average grade from the wharves to the summit is 2.6 per cent, and the steepest grade about 4 per cent. The cost of the road from Skagway to the Summit of the pass was over $100,000.00 per mile. From there on to Whitehorse, while the cost per mile was less, it was still greatly in excess of what a similar construction would have been in the States. The railway is 110.7 miles long; 20.4 miles in Alaska, 32.2 miles in British Columbia and 58.1 miles in the Yukon Territory.

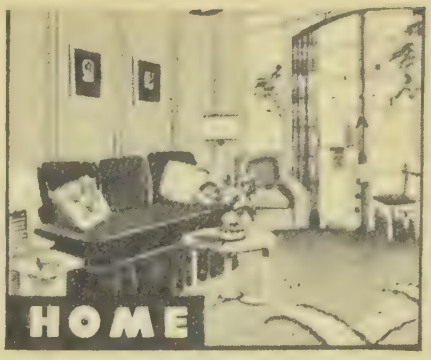
After the road was finished, M.J. Heney could and did take a well-earned rest, but his busy brain was still planning a new wilaerness to conquer, and in 1905, with many of the personnel of White Pass construction days, he started to build the 131 mile Copper River and Northwestern Railway, from Cordova to Chitina, Alaska, and a 65 mile branch from Chitina to the famous Kennicott Copper Mine. This railroad was constructed for the Guggenheim interests and one hundred million dollars worth of copper ore was hauled from the Kennicott Mine. The C.R.& N.W. was abandoned in 1938, as the ore bodies were exhausted. Rex Beach's novel, ''The Iron Trail'' is the story of the famous Copper River and Northwestern. Heney was the idol of the construction gangs, and was known as the 'Irish Prince.' His men would steal, beg, or fight for him at the drop of a hat, and their welfare was always foremost in his mind. On October 5th, 1910, M.J. Heney died in San Francisco, succumbing to an illness probably incurred through exposure to the icy waters of the north Pacific in the wreck of the 'S.S. Ohio.'

The operation of the railroad prior to the U.S. Army lease was on a scale to suit the traffic offering. We just ''ran'' a railroad. We had the same battle against slides, floods, snow and cold. Our personnel was, of course, of a more permanent nature. Operating the road was a sort of family affair. Our boys went to work on the road with their fathers or into the offices. Many

section men finished out their lives in the service. Even cooks at the section houses stayed on their jobs for years.

Contrary to the belief held by numerous persons and especially by writers who have made a flying trip through the Yukon by plane or highway, in prewar years a regular winter schedule has always been maintained. From the inception of the road until about 1911, as many as two or three trains were operated north and south daily except Sunday in the summer months, and at least one train each way daily except Sunday during the winter. Telegraph operators were stationed at approximately 16 stations between Skagway and Whitehorse. For several years after 1911, daily ore trains were operated both summer and winter, hauling many thousands of tons of copper ore from Pueblo Mines. For numerous reasons, a fifteen mile branch line was constructed from Macrae to the Pueblo Mine, which is seven miles west of Whitehorse. For many years an ore tonnage of around 10,000 tons per year moved from the silver-lead camp of Mayo on the Stewart River, consigned to the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Smelter in Idaho. Since the mines have been inactive, train service has been scheduled to suit the traffic offering, daily trains in summer, and at least two trains per week each way in the winter. During the tourist season three trains were operated on arrival and departure days of Canadian Pacific and Canadian National ocean steamers at Skagway. These vessels remained in Skagway two days to allow passengers to make trips into the interior. The Alaska S.S. Company also carried passengers to and from Skagway, but remained in port one day only, giving tourists a chance to make the round trip to Bennett.

Whitehorse, Y.T.



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There were many years of heavy traffic and years of depression, dependent on the extent of mining operations and on the tourist traffic. In the peak year of 1927 the railroad carried 22,667 passengers. From January 1st, 1942, to September 30th, when the U.S. Army took over the operation of the railroad, we moved 70,457 tons of freight.

In conjunction with our steamer service a fine tourist business was devel-

Main Street - Whitehorse.

oped before the war. One popular route was a round trip from Skagway to Carcross, thence by lake steamer to Ben My Chree (Welsh for "Girl of My Heart") a garden spot of tropical luxuriance

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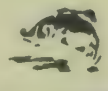

MILE 147 - ALASKA HIGHWAY

on the west Taku Arm of Tagish Lake, 84 miles from Carcross, which was the wonder of all visitors. Thousands of tourists made the round trip to Bennett and others visited Whitehorse and Dawson City. Our famous Circle Tour was a trip from Seattle to Anchorage, Alaska, via White Pass Railway, river steamer to Nenana, Alaska, and the Alaska Railroad via McKinley Park to Anchorage and back to Seattle by ocean, or the reverse. We seldom advertised for tourists. Due to the relatively small passenger capacity of our equipment, passengers received much more individual service than is possible elsewhere. The train conductors spent their time showing passengers points of interest and on the river steamers they became acquainted with the Captain and the members of the crew, who never became tired of answering a million questions. Next season their friends came back to the land of the midnight sun. There was one tourist, a California lady, who had made the first Circle Tour with her husband. After his death, for many years she made the same trip, and we reserved for her the same steamer and stateroom, the same room in hotels, and the same stewards. Many interesting combination journeys have been developed for the post war tourist traffic by rail, ocean, river, air, and the Alaskan Military Highway. We, in the north, hope to have the pleasure of meeting the relatives and friends of many of the men who have served their country and ours in Alaska and the Yukon.

"Overland Trail" Built

In March, 1901, the White Pass and Yukon Route acquired the river steamers and winter stage line of the Canadian Development Company, and thereafter in addition to the railway service, engaged in river and lake transportation on the lakes of Atlin, B.C., and Carcross, Y.T., area, and on the Yukon River and its tributaries. In order to furnish winter transportation between Dawson City and Whitehorse, an 'Overland Trail,' Yukon's first highway was built from Whitehorse to Dawson, a distance of 330 miles. This trail was hewn through the wilderness with axes and cross-cut saws, and graded with plows, wheel scrapers, and horses, by a small crew of men. There were no bulldozers and carryalls in those days and the 'Overland Trail was a construction job for its period that was no mean achievement. Bridges, culverts and ferries were constructed, and the stage line like the 'Alcan' had its troubles too, with slides, glaciers, muskegs, snowdrifts and washouts. Prior to the construction of the Takhini River bridge, the Alaska Highway followed the 'Overland Trail' for a distance of about 31 miles north of Whitehorse. The Company held the Canadian mail contracts, and the stage line was called "The Royal Mail Service." We operated this winter transportation with horse-drawn vehicles

Steamer 'Tutshi' at Carcross.

up to and including the spring of 1921, when we withdrew from the service, and the era of horse power ended. A minimum of 200 horses was required to operate the winter mail stages. In peak years this number was greatly increased. Roadhouses and stables were located at 20 mile intervals. On Canada's map of Yukon Territory the 'Overland Trail' is indicated by a red line running from Whitehorse to Dawson. After the inauguration of airplane service, a string of emergency landing strips have been constructed adjacent to the winter trail.

During the period from the freeze-up of the rivers until there was sufficient snow for sleighs, wheel stages were used. The majority of these stages were built with springs made up of many layers of leather straps, instead of metal springs, with the result that they were exceptionally strong and easy riding. These vehicles were called 'Thoroughbraces,' from the long leather straps extending the length of the stage, supporting the body. Wheel stages were also used in the period between the end of sleighing and the start of steamer service on the rivers. The roadhouses maintained at the Posts were log buildings -- miniature hotels heated by roaring wood fires, with comfortable beds and good country meals. Moose and Caribou steaks were in evidence. Meal rates

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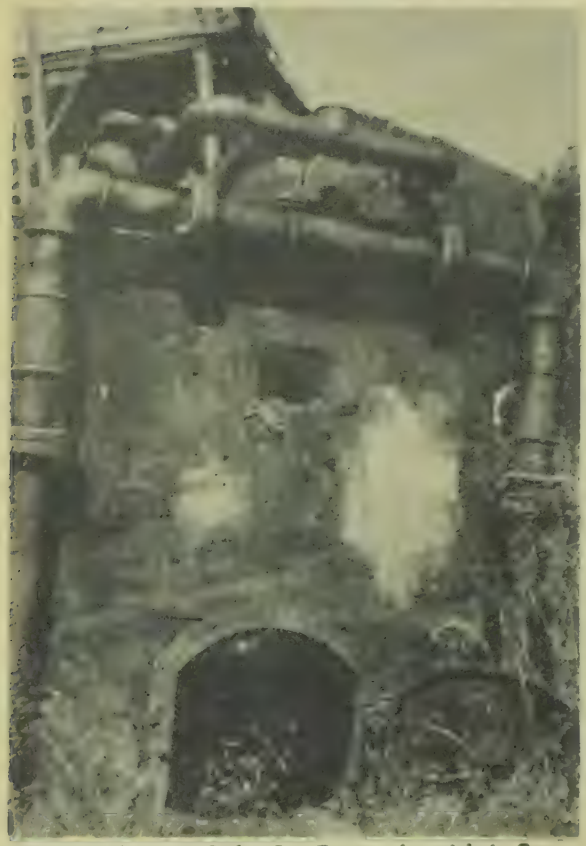
Sam McGee (made famous by R.W.Service) - "at home" in Whitehorse, Y.T.



The boiler on Lake La Barge in which Sam McGee was cremated.

were $1.50 each and beds $1.00 per night. The passenger fare on wheel stages was $125.00, Whitehorse to Dawson City, not including roadhouse expenses. Hand baggage allowance was 25 pounds free, excess baggage 30¢ a pound. Lower rates were quoted on freight shipments.

When trail conditions permitted the use of passenger sleighs, which carried up to fourteen passengers each, the fares were considerably lower. Wheel stage travel during the break-up in the spring was something to write home about. The wheel stages had to contend with floods, washouts, mud, and land slides.

The White Pass and Yukon Route maintained at Whitehorse a horse hospital with a veterinary surgeon in charge, and also operated a complete carriage shop, harness shop, and blacksmith shop. Stages were built in Whitehorse from the ground up, harness made and repmired. The stage service during the coldest part of the year, approximately December 1st to March 15th, was handled with passenger and freight sleighs, and many a tale could be told of the battles with the extreme temperatures.

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MILE 171 - ALASKA HIGHWAY

Passenger Comfort Important

Charcoal foot-warmers and buffalo robes were provided for the comfort of the passengers, and practically all travellers wore coonskin coats, moccasins or felt shoes. Four or six horses were driven, depending on weight of load and trail conditions, and these were replaced at each Post with fresh stock. Stage drivers or 'Skinners,' as they were called, wore coon-skin coats with a long red sash tied around the waist, and soft buckskin gloves with inner gloves of silk or fine wool. On cold days they would hold the reins in one hand while they pounded the other one against their shoulders to keep up the circulation. The seat of honor was on the box with the driver. In the latter days of stage operation drivers did not leave a Post if the temperature was colder than 40 below zero, but many times it would be 50 or 60 below before they reached the next post. If the roadhouse thermometer was out of business, a bottle of 'Perry Davis Pain-killer' placed outside a window warned the unwary that when 'pain-killer' froze, it was "too damn cold for man or beast." There are some breathtaking grades along mountain sides, and many steep hills on the 'Trail,' and wheel stages and sleighs occasionally upset and rolled down hillsides, but there were few serious accidents. The drivers had to know their business, especially when springs had glaciered across the road and a hundred foot chasm stared them in the face.

The list of passengers who rode with the 'Royal Mail' included practically all the famous names of Klondike days, and there were many travellers who would wait in Whitehorse or Dawson for days to ride with a favorite driver. Lined up in front of the Whitehorse depot, with steam streaming from the nostrils of the prancing steeds, the 'boot' or rear compartment full of baggage, passengers bundled up to the ears, the driver climbed to his perch, gathered the 'ribbons' in his fingers, cracked a whip, and the horses were off on a dead run down Front Street on the start of a 330-mile journey that would land the stage in Dawson City on the fifth day of travel. In emergency cases the run from Dawson City to Whitehorse had been made in three days.

Tribute to the Horse

No story of the Yukon stage would be complete without a tribute to its motive power, the horses. For twenty years these animals faithfully performed their duty under working conditions which probably have never been duplicated in America. In the summer they were located in pasture meadows to absorb enough vitamins to withstand the next winter. During the summer they were painted periodically on vulnerable portions of their anatomy with a concoction of tar and insect repelling oils, to protect them from the attacks

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Whitehorse, Y.T.

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Whitehorse - terminus of the White Pass Railway.

of 'bull-dog horse flies,' mosquitoes and gnats. Horses that had had their lungs 'burned' by laboring in extreme temperatures, usually died in the spring or early summer. In cold climates horses grow very long hair as a protection from the cold, and before winter service commences, the upper portions of their bodies were clipped; otherwise they would 'steam' while working hard in the cold. On arrival at the posts they were blanketed and placed in warm stables and fed bran mash, oats and timothy hay, imported from the Pacific coast. Each horse had its record number stamped on a front hoof and each horse had a name. During the life of the stage line, the list of horses ran into several thousands, with the result that there were very few employees of the W.P.& Y. R. from the general manager down, or prominent Yukon citizen who did not have an equine namesake.

The old stagecoach has had its day and played out its part in the development of the Yukon as it did on the Western frontier, but those who knew the thrill of the 'Overland Trail' will never forget the journeys on Yukon's first highway, and 'Sourdoughs' traveling between Whitehorse and Dawson by air in two hours, glue their eyes to the plane windows looking for the crooked Nordenskiold River and the thin line of the Yukon trail winding through the trees far below.

One of these wheel stages has been presented to the Royal Canadian Air Force at Whitehorse, as an emblem for the Northwest Staging Route, and one has been turned over to the U.S.Army Air Force, to proceed to its final resting place in the Calgary Stampede Museum.

In the spring of 1914 the White Pass and Yukon Route purchased the river steamer holdings in Alaska of the Northwest Navigation Company and operated in Alaska waters under the name of 'The American-Yukon Navigation Company.' During the construction of the Alaska Railroad the American-Yukon Navigation Company in 1916 moved 38,000 tons of freight and 5,300 passengers; in 1917, 59,000 tons of freight and 4,800 passengers.

After the completion of the Alaska

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Mail Orders receive prompt attention

WHITEHORSE, Y.T.

Railroad our operations in Alaska were largely curtailed, the service in latter years being handled by two river steamers and a fleet of barges. In the fall of 1942 the last of the American Fleet was sold to the Alaska Railroad.

Airplane service

In the fall of 1935 the White Pass and Yukon Route entered the airplane service securing in 1937 the Canadian winter mail contract to carry all classes of mail to points north of Whitehorse, in the Yukon Territoyy. Since the latter date passengers, mail, and urgent freight have been carried by plane and the 'Overland Trail' scarcely used. The White Pass and Yukon Route continued in the plane service until December, 1941, when the organization was sold to the Canadian Pacific Air Lines. During the period between 1936-1941 the railway also operated planes between Whitehorse and Skagway, using them as an adjunct to the train service and for tourist trips.

At present writing the River Division of the White Pass and Yukon Route, known as the 'British Navigation Company, operates steamers and barges between Whitehorse, Dawson City, and Mayo in the Yukon Territory and makes periodical trips to Circle and Fort Yukon in Alaska. A launch service is maintained between Carcross, Y.T. In 1942 the British Yukon Navigation Company river steamers hauled 4,000 tons of supplies to Teslin Lake for the United States Army, and in 1943 carried 7,000 tons to Circle and Ft. Yukon, Alaska, which cargo was mostly Canol pipe.

250 Vessels

In a recent history of Yukon River steamers, compiled by the writer, the names of 250 vessels were noted in operation from the mouth of the Yukon to Lake Bennett, during the gold rush days.

A Yukon gold nugget.

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While in Whitehorse

Be Sure to Visit the

YUKON IVORY SHOP

Curios of the North
English China

Whitehorse, Y.T.

Many of these were wrecked and demolished by the ice of the spring clean-ups, and others are on the ways at St. Michael, Alaska.

Twenty-five miles north of Whitehorse the Lewes River enters Lake LeBarge. During extremely cold winters the lake ice freezes to a thickness of as much as 48 inches. When the spring breakup occurs the river opens from Whitehorse to the Lake, and from the foot of the Lake to Dawson City from two to three weeks before the lake ice lets also. On the opening of the navigation in the spring, the stage of water in the river is too low for the handling of capacity loads on steamers and barges. To overcome this bottleneck in river navigation, the White Pass and Yukon Route, under the supervision of Mr. H. Wheeler, then president of the Company, constructed the only dam on the Yukon River at a point 20 miles south of Whitehorse.

Water Storage

The dam is closed in October each year, and a water storage is created behind it over an area of 250 square miles of waterways. This storage level is maintained at a head of 139 inches above the dam, and in the spring water is usually released gradually to assist in the breakup of the river and lake ice and especially to furnish adequate draft for steamers before the natural rise from melting snow becomes effective.

An interesting practice has also been developed by the company to assist in the breakup of Lake LeBarge ice. After cold winters when the lake ice is very thick, sometime in the latter part of March a mixture of carbon black and Diesel oil is sprinkled from the sprinkling trucks over an area of lake ice

n-wheelers of B.Y.N. Company at Whitehorse -- Before freeze-up they are hauled out on the ''ways'' overhauled. Note the ship hauled out for repairs.

approximately 20 miles long by 40 feet wide. The resultant black covering attracts the sun's rays and causes a disintegration of the ice along this prepared channel so that armored barges may be pushed ahead of steamers, forcing a passage through the ice several weeks earlier than the natural breakup. This method is not used after mild winters.

Accident Total

Our total of accidents and mishaps in the various branches of the Company's service has been very small. I shall briefly mention the two events that caused the greatest loss of life -- an explosion and a murder.

On September 12th, 1906, the steamer 'Columbian' was en route from Whitehorse to Dawson, carrying a cargo of explosives. A member of the crew picked up a gun to shoot some ducks, stumbled, and shot into the powder with resulting explosion and fire. Six crew members lost their lives. This was the worst accident ever to occur on the Yukon River. Since that date the company does not permit crew or passengers to use firearms on board steamers. Capt. George Raabe then ran the steamer 'Dawson' from Whitehorse to the scene of the accident with a doctor and nurses, negotiating the treacherous 30-mile river without a stop-bell in the record time of one hour and forty-five minutes. This was the first time the ''30-Mile'' was negotiated without a stop-bell.

During the summer of 1915 a Russian Cossack named Alec Gagoff went to work on the Whitehorse section gang. Gagoff spoke a little broken English and understood less. He took lessons in English from a local school teacher until one evening his broad face was discovered peeking through her window, giving her such a scare that the language lessons were terminated.

Gagoff got the not unusual obsession that the other section men were laughing

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Whitehorse, Y.T.

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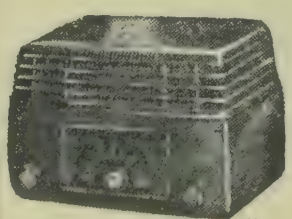

Oliver Tractors
Red Seal
Industrial Engines

Easy Washing Machines

D. B. RYAN

Winter view of one of the construction camps in the far north.

at him and making fun of him because he could not understand their language. He brooded over this, and finally quit his job. On the afternoon of September 30, 1915, the section foreman and four of his crew were just finishing lunch on the edge of the high grade north of Ear Lake, three miles from Whitehorse, when they saw a man walking towards them carrying a rifle in one hand.

The section men were reclining on the ground around the fire where they had brewed their tea, and as the visitor slid down the grade above them one man said, "Hello, Alec, come and have some tea." Without warning, Gagoff raised his 30-30 Winchester to his shoulder and started shooting at the men from close range. One man lay still, but the others jumped down the steep grade towards the river in an effort to escape. Carefully and methodically he picked them off one by one, and continued to shoot at the only man who escaped unscratched. He then reloaded the rifle and proceeded to fill the bodies full of bullets. One man was shot 15 times. Three were dead, but the man by the fire, having received one fatal wound, was not further molested.

Gagoff said to Henry Cook, "I'm sorry I shot you, Henry, I look for 'Fighting Mike'." Fortunately for Mike he was not with the gang that day. Gagoff then lifted the section hand car onto the track and started for town. He stopped at the roundhouse and said to the foreman, "I just shoot three dogs," and continued on towards the depot. The foreman 'phoned the depot reporting what Gagoff said, as he was afraid something was wrong. Gagoff left the hand car in front of the depot and walked in carrying the 30-30, with cartridges between his fingers. He said he was looking for 'Fighting Mike,' and walked

across the street to the drug store where the druggist, H. G. MacPherson, induced him to hand over the rifle. The clerks in the depot, in the meantime, had notified the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and two of the mounties walked into the drug store and arrested Gagoff on suspicion. The section hand, Henry Cook, died within a day, thus making a death toll of four men.

The trial was speedily concluded, waiting only for the arrival of Gagoff's cousin from the coast. When this gentleman stepped off the train the police removed two loaded revolvers from his person. It was his intention to attempt to smuggle a revolver to Gagoff so that he could take his own life. To a Cossack execution by any other means than shooting is a disgrace. Alec Gagoff went to the gallows in the high-walled yard of the jail.

Yukon bound - over the Alaska Highway.

Whitehorse, Y.T.

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Thirty years ago or so, a young man, J.J.Elliott by name, and a (marine) steam engineer by profession, decided that life was rather dull. Imbued with a spirit of adventure and a desire to see more than Canada had to offer he thought he would go to China, and take a position as engineer on one of the Chinese steamers plying the Yangtse or other big rivers of China. An acquaintance had told him that they were crying out for able engineers in China and that life on the river steamers was exciting and very different, and that the pay was excellent.

Being in no great hurry, and having heard a lot about the Klondyke gold rush and of Alaska he decided that he would go by way of the Yukon and Alaska - cross over the Bering Straits to Siberia, and then gradually work his way down into China.

That was thirty years ago.....and he has not reached China yet. Arriving in Whitehorse via the famous White

Pass railroad, he found adventure a-plenty in the Klondyke gold-fields and on the Yukon river steamers. In the town of Whitehorse, northern terminus of the White Pass railroad, and embarkation point for all those who travel via river steamer to the northern gold camps he has made his home and founded what is perhaps one of the most unique businesses on the continent - The Yukon Ivory Shop - in which all the ivory is **genuine** - and comes from the extremely rare and not easily found tusks of the prehistoris mastodons that once roamed the northland.

With artistry developed through the years, and with the aid of a few simple power tools,he carves brooches, pendants, rings, bracelets, animal figures and a great variety of other objects from the solid ivory tusks which are sent to him by miners, prospectors, trappers, Eskimos and Indians from all over Alaska and the eastern tip of Siberia. In making the various items turned out in his workshop, Mr. Elliott makes generous use of genuine gold nuggets taken from the Klondyke gold fields. The colour combination of ivory and gold has long been known to be very effective, but when the materials used happen to be genuine mastodon ivory and genuine gold nuggets worked in artistic designs, the combination is particularly beautiful.

On this and succeeding pages are various photos showing Mr. Elliott at work; some of the hundreds of items produced in his tiny workshop, and the tusks from which they are made.

Mr. Elliott now feels quite sure that he will never spend any time in charge of the engines of a Chinese river steamer, but feels equally sure that he hasn't missed much.

(1) The first stage in making genuine mastodon ivory jewellery - cutting the raw tusk just as it appears when the prospector first uncovers it from his gravel pit. Note the cracks and apparent 'scaling'.

(2) A later stage - working out the rough floral design. Later comes the finishing touches with hand tools - and still later, buffing to a high polish. No coating of any sort is used to enhance the finish, as Mr. Elliott has found that ALL coatings (which he has tried to date) will in

a few short years deteriorate the quality of the ivory to where it crumbles and disintegrates in a few short years, whereas with no coating and only a high natural polish there is every reason to believe that it will last for hundreds, or even thousands, of years, as have the original tusks.

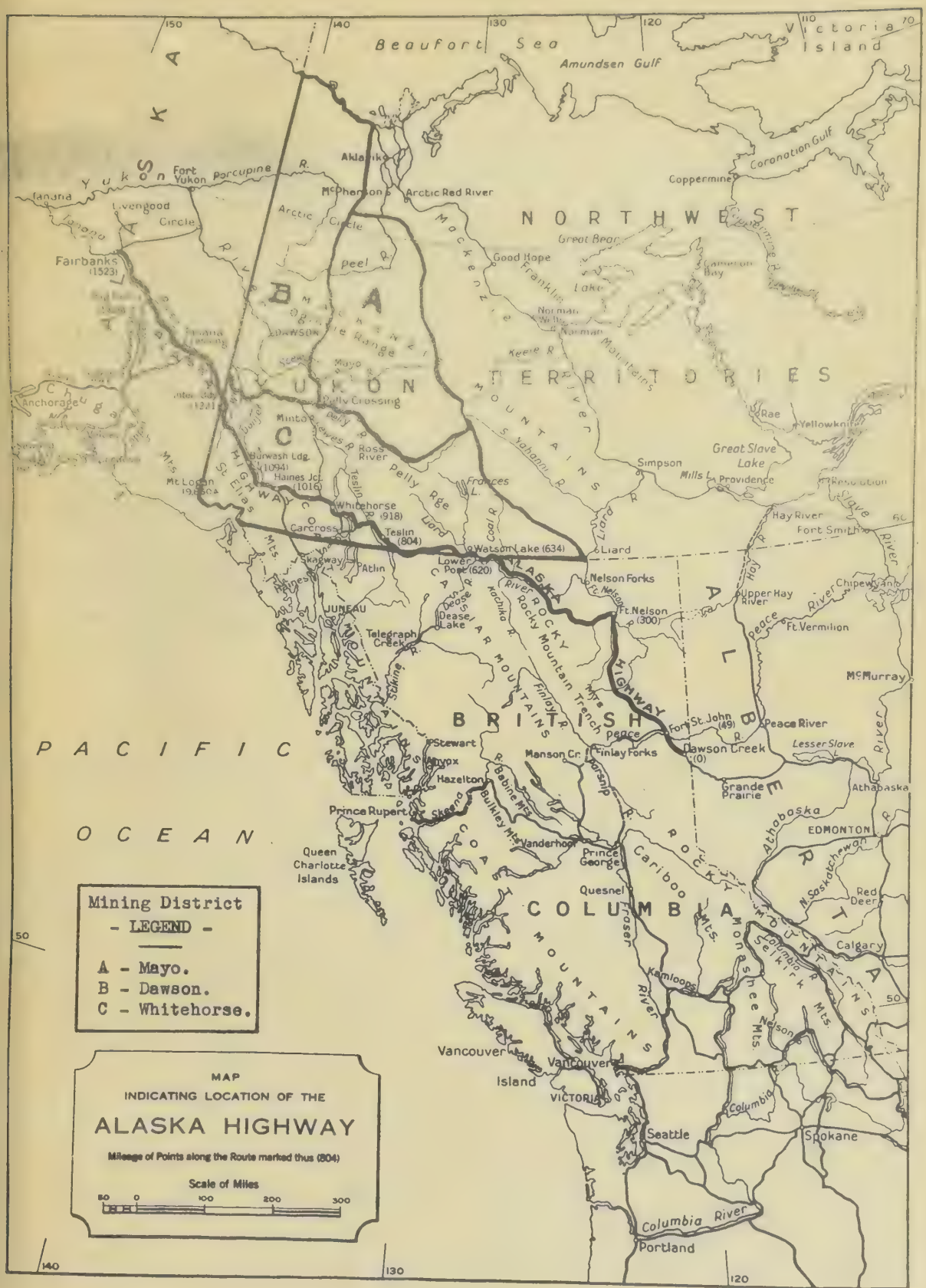
(3) A few of the hundreds of different objects produced by Mr. Elliott in his shop.

(4) An interior view of the Yukon Ivory Shop. In the foreground a mastodon tusk. (Note fractures.) The two bones leaning against the table are apparently thigh or leg bones, while resting on the floor is a specimen of the huge teeth.

(5) Though he set out 30 years ago for China, Mr. Elliott does not appear to be downhearted because he did not get there. The tusk shown above is one from a shipment of two tons of similar tusks recently received from Siberia. Tusks are becoming very scarce, and when the present shipment is used up, Mr. Elliott is at a loss in regard to where to procure more for his requirements. When it was suggested that he might 'import' tusks from Africa, Mr. Elliott snorted. "Never," he stated emphatically, "I'll either use genuine 'mastodon' tusks or close shop - and go to China and run that river steamer I started out to do 30 years ago."

(6) An artists conception of what the prehistoric mastodon looked like. Judging from the size of the teeth and bones (see No.3) it must have stood at least 18 feet high and weighed 10 tons or more.

Hay's WATER TRANSPORT
FREIGHT & PASSENGER SERVICE
From Fort St. James to Takla Landing


Beaufort Sea
Amundsen Gulf
Victoria Island
Coronation Gulf
Coppermine
ALASKA
Yukon
Fort Yukon
Porcupine R.
Arctic Red River
McPherson
Aklavik
Arctic Circle
Fairbanks (1523)
Peel R.
Mackenzie R.
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
Great Bear Lake
Good Hope
Franklin
Norman Wells
Norman Mountains
Keele R.
Mackenzie Mts.
Yukon Territory
Dawson
Mayo
Pelly Crossing
Anchorage
Minto
Pelly R.
Ross River
Burwash Ldg. (1094)
Haines Jct. (1016)
Mt. Logan 19,850
St. Elias Mts.
Whitehorse (918)
Carcross
Teslin (804)
Teslin L.
Frances L.
Watson Lake (634)
Liard
Lower Post (620)
Skagway
Atlin
JUNEAU
Telegraph Creek
Dease Lake
Stikine R.
Rocky Mountain Trench
Kechika R.
Finlay R.
Mts.
Rae
Yellowknife
Great Slave Lake
Simpson
Mills L.
Providence
Hay River
Fort Smith
Slave River
Nelson Forks
Upper Hay River
Chipewyan
Ft. Nelson (300)
Peace River
Ft. Vermilion
McMurray
Fort St. John (49)
Peace River
Lesser Slave
Dawson Creek (0)
Grande Prairie
Athabaska
EDMONTON
Athabaska R.
Red Deer
Calgary
Manson Cr.
Finlay Forks
Parsnip R.
Peace R.
BRITISH COLUMBIA
Stewart
Hazelton
Bulkley Mts.
Sabine Mts.
Prince Rupert
Skeena R.
Vanderhoof
Prince George
Quesnel
Caribou Mts.
Fraser River
Rocky Mountain Trench
Columbia Mts.
Selkirk Mts.
Monashee Mts.
Nelson
Kamloops
Queen Charlotte Islands
Coast Mountains
Vancouver
Vancouver Island
VICTORIA
Seattle
Spokane
Columbia River
Portland
PACIFIC OCEAN
Mining District
- LEGEND -
A - Mayo.
B - Dawson.
C - Whitehorse.
MAP
INDICATING LOCATION OF THE
ALASKA HIGHWAY
Mileage of Points along the Route marked thus (804)
Scale of Miles
50 0 100 200 300

EDITORIAL-continued from page 6

of freedom -- who challenged the slightest infringement of each hard won gain -- who were willing to fight, yes, and even to DIE, in order to preserve those freedoms and live up to their principles? Where is the honesty - and sincerety in present day government? Who can have faith in a government which is without principle -- a government composed of two political parties which fought bitterly for years because their principles were different and unreconcilable, but who are now united -- not for the purpose of living up to their principles -- but for the sole purpose of maintaining their power -- a government which lacks principle to such a degree that it is trying to work for both sides at once - an appeaser - catering on the one hand to the believers of capitalism, and on the other hand to the socialist element -- while in the meantime trying to safeguard its precarious position through strictly fascist legislation.

Is the cause of democratic free-enterprise so hopeless that it can survive only by resorting to such hypocrisy? Is the principle of 'Liberalism', which advocates ''greater freedom of thought and action'', so unworthy, so un-Christian and outmoded that it no longer warrants the HONEST support of its professed champions?....We don't think so. But if that IS the case -- if our old-line parties have HONESTLY and SINCERELY decided that the old system has definitely outlived its usefulness, then why the unctuous deceit of the present regime? Why not instead an open declaration of NEW aims and ambitions; of a NEW philosophy and NEW principles.

Why not break up the fiasco of those three ships at sea? Why not disentangle the rigging - hoist the sails and get under way again - with renewed courage and convictions - each ship on its pre-determined course. And if the course is altered slightly, let the new course be announced openly and freely so that the public will know which is the ship they wish to board and thus avoid further unnecessary confusion.....

Personally, we think that if this were done, it is still anybody's race - and the good Lord will certainly see to it that the strongest winds blow against the most deserving sails.....

(Our present government might start to disentangle the rigging by once again 'promoting' freedom of thought and action - by scrapping the P.G.E. franchise on the Hart Highway and declaring the new highway (when it is completed) open to anyone who still has sufficient freedom of spirit and courage to want to tackle it)

Forest fire along the Alaska Highway.

THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

AVAILABLE ACCOMMODATION AND ROADSIDE FACILITIES

MILE	NAME		SERVICES & FACILITIES AVAILABLE	BEDS
0	Dawson Creek	B.C.	Hotel, Stores, Garages, etc.	75
49	Fort St. John	B.C.	Hotel, Stores, Garages, etc.	150
101	Blueberry	B.C.	Meals, Gas & Oil	15
147	Tucker Inn	B.C.	Meals, Store, Gas & Oil	40
171	Mason Creek	B.C.	Meals, Hotel, Gas & Oil, Repairs	20
201	Trutch	B.C.	Meals, Gas & Oil	10
233	Lum & Abner	B.C.	Meals, Store, Gas & Oil, Cabins	30
300	Fort Nelson	B.C.	Meals, Store, Gas & Oil, Rep., Hotel	50
392	Summit Lake	B.C.	Meals, Store, Gas & Oil	20
397	Rocky Mt. Court	B.C.	Meals, Gas & Oil, Minor Repairs	20
463	Muncho Lake	B.C.	Meals, Gas & Oil, Repairs	18
533	Coal River	B.C.	Meals, Gas & Oil, Hotel	24
620	Lower Post	B.C.	Meals, Gas & Oil, Hotel	40
634	Watson Lake	Y.T.	Hotel, Store, Meals, Gas & Oil	40
710	Rancheria	Y.T.	Meals, Gas & Oil	30
778	Welcome Inn	Y.T.	Meals, Gas & Oil	9
804	Teslin	Y.T.	Store, Meals, Gas & Oil	14
837	Johnston Crossing	Y.T.	Meals, Gas & Oil	15
872	Johnnie's Place	Y.T.	Cabins, Meals, Gas & Oil	20
883	Marsh Lake	Y.T.	Hotel, Meals, Gas & Oil	30
918	Whitehorse	Y.T.	Hotel, Meals, Repairs, etc.	100
974	Champagne	Y.T.	Store	4
1016	Haines Rd.	Y.T.	Store, Meals, Gas & Oil	
1022	McIntosh's	Y.T.	Store, Meals, Gas & Oil, Repairs	4
1094	Burwash Landing	Y.T.	Store, Meals, Gas & Oil, Hotel	40
1184	Dry Creek	Y.T.	Hotel, Meals, Gas & Oil	40
1206	Snag		Canadian Customs - Alaska-Yukon Border	

In the heart of the Rockies -- along the Alaska Highway.

My First Trip on the Alcan Highway

By:—EUGENE WILKINSON

I started out from Dawson Creek
With five-and-a-quarter-ton,
When I saw the road so smooth and wide
Says I, "Why this is fun"
So, I settled back as I purred along,
And lighted up a pill
But my air of ease soon passed away
When I struck Peace River Hill.

Curve after curve, mile after mile,
Till I thought my brakes would burn
Then across a shaky one-way bridge,
And up 'round the hairpin turn.
Then up and on for ten good miles,
And there to make the jog—
For Fort St. John with its high-crowned Street,
Like driving on a log.

Then thirty miles of as fine a road,
As you ever wish to see,
And on through bush and curves and hills,
Till I struck Mile Eighty-three.
There loomed a hill, like the side of a barn
And I stared with bated breath,
Where dismembered trucks in jumbled heaps,
Bespoke an horrible death.

I clawed for gears with feverish haste,
But the wheels began to spin.
As I slammed on brakes and started to slide
I pictured an awful end.
At last, with luck I got her stopped
I don't know just how yet,
And started again with utmost care,
My forehead beaded with sweat.

As I reached the top, I shivered and shook
My sweat turned into a chill,
"If I ever make another trip,
I mustn't forget that hill."
I rolled along, 'till I reached the drop
At about a hundred and two
As I eased her down with squealing brakes,
It thrilled me through and through.

Next was the wide-famed Sikanni Hill
'Bout seven miles down-grade
An orange sign on the last steep lap
This ominous warning gave—
"DANGEROUS HILL—USE LOWEST GEAR,
BEWARE OF SLIDES AND ICE"
The chills chased up and down my spine
Like a pair of frolicking mice.

My heart would leap with every slide
As she struck the icy spots
The exhaust was popping out behind
Like the crack of rifle shots.
With ice-cold motor and red hot brakes,
I rolled up to the pump—
My right leg ached and trembled
And my heart went thumpty-thump.

The gears all growled and the motor barked
As I steadily gave her the gun
Up the heavy drag on the other side,
And on toward the setting sun.
At the top of a Hundred and Forty-three
Was a scene of joy to behold
The trees below like thistles,
And the mountains fringed with gold.

But my gaze of wonder turned to awe
As I started down the hill
For there lay the battered twisted form
Of a tanker, cold and still.
Two curves and a hill, two hills and a curve
Till I struck One-Fifty-One.
At the sight of its umpteen crooks and curves
My heart sank with the sun.

I'd like to tell you of it all,
But space would not permit
But a ways this side of Nelson,
I was scared, I must admit.
I'd slipped her into standard Low,
And started up the rise,
When from the top a great white light
Was glaring in my eyes.

I blinked my lights and blinked them again
And gave him lots of space,
Then I saw 'twas only the playful moon
Staring me in the face.
At the Army Camp at Zero
Where they stop us for inspection,
The colored boys are mighty white
In spite of their complextion.

"Have yuh got a pass? Who yuh for?"
I showed the yellow slip,
"Wilson Freightways", I sang out,
"Hokay, Boy! Let ha' rip".
When I told him how this cursed road
Had got me all upset,
The negro grinned and rolled his eyes,
"Boy! Yuh ain't seen nuthin' yet"!

I swapped him a man-sized snort of rye,
For a package of cigarettes,
Another eight miles more to Smith's
Was as far as I wanted to get.
I slept a while and dumped my load,
Made Dawson Creek that night,
And swore I'd never pass St. John,
Without a hell of a fight.

So I pestered Slim with my tale of woe,
And I thought his heart was melting,
Till he smiled and said, "Here's a load of fruit,
For two-ten-above Fort Nelson!"

A COUPLE OF CARIBOO HEIFERS

continued from page (b)

After a dozen or so attempts, for they were from Cariboo and not easily deterred, the girls gave up and kept to the sidewalks. It was soon found that the people here were ignorant and dumb. Sally, ever friendly and gay, at first greeted everyone she met on the street with "Howdy Pardnuh. Nice Mawnin." And Bee would put on her best grin and add "Yeah! Ain't it." But after a couple of hundred salutations the girls gave up in disgust, Bee exclaiming that "I think they're all furriners and cain't speak Anglish."

It all started in Quesnel. Bee had been visiting Sally at her new house and both girls were avidly scanning the contents of an old Eaton's catalogue. The new denims for girls had the new look and Sally was wondering how she'd look with a four-inch cuff instead of the old 2-inch everyone had come to love. Sally burst out with: "I kin jest see everyone's eyes a-buggin' out iff'n Ah comes a-swaggerin' up the main street with four-inch cuffs on my new denims and a shiny rivet a-gleamin' from every seam!"

Bee's face lit up like a Xmas tree as she exclaimed, "Boy oh boy! Wouldn't we be the most talked of women in town. Jest think! You and me with the fust new look in town."

It was at this precise moment that Don, Sally's husband, and myself, that of Bee, entered the house and at the sight of the catalogue Don muttered, "Gosh, Bill, danged eff'n it ain't summer agin. Ah guess the gals want to git dolled up for the Fall Fair."

That caused me to think and that isn't good for each time that happens I get the durndest headache and always give birth to the most unheard-of ideas. This time I came out with "Say Don, how about lettin' the girls go to Vancouver where they can see what they're buying? My mother always said it was better than getting your clothes out of a catalogue. We have some spare cash since we sold that herd of beef we found down the road the other night. If we run short again, we can always find some more. There's lots of cattle in this country."

"By godfrey, Bill, thet's a durned good idea. Say, gals, how'd you like to go to Vancouver and buy yerself some duds?"

Sally nearly exploded. "Oh Don, you wonderful man! Ah'd jest love to do thet, wouldn't you Bee?"

"Jeepers Creepers! Wouldn't ah jest though."

That settled the whole thing. Elaborate preparations were immediately begun and for the next fifteen minutes, bedlam reigned. At the end of that time Sally reappeared in her best moccasins and cleanest overalls, carrying a gunny-sack containing a change of - ahem - and socks. Bee was all dolled up too, wearing that store-boughten ten-gallon hat her uncle gave her a few years back. He didn't exactly give it to her either. She found it floating on top of the water in the well. Funny thing. We never saw uncle Cromwell again!

And so we drove them down to the P.G.E. station in Don's buggy, waved them adios, then they were gone.

When the girls got to Vancouver, they just pitched the tent I had loaned them right inside the waiting-room of the C.P.R. station. They were soon kicked out of there though as it was private property, so Sally and Bee had to pitch the tent again on the sidewalk outside. They soon found out that it was easier to eat inside one of those cafes than to have to go to all the trouble of finding wood to build a fire and make their own coffee on the sidewalk.

Oh, they had a marvelous time. For two days they did nothing else but look into the hundreds of wonderful store windows. The girls were in a fairyland of their own. Finally Sally could contain herself no longer.

"Bee, Ah've allus craved some of them thar shoes with the high heels behind. Now Ah'm a-goin to git me some."

"Keerful Sal, that thar feller in thar might try to gyp yuh. Ah've heered tell that these here city slickers is pretty slippery hombres."

Nevertheless, the two girls from Cariboo entered the lofty portals of the store where they were immediately

set upon by a score of over-anxious clerks. When Sally saw all of those men rushing down upon her she whipped out her hunting knife and hollered: "Leave us be, ye heathens. We jest come in here so's we could git inter thet winder so's we could git some of them shoes with the high heels behind."

The men stopped and conversed in some foreign tongue. Sally remembered a few of the words they spoke. 'Clod-hoppers fum da Nort' Pole,' was one of the sentences she heard. The girls were in the store a long time trying to find something their size. One of the clerks tried to sell Sally a couple of boxes the shoes came in but she remained adamant. Sally wanted shoes with the high heels behind. She wasn't having anything else. Finally, after bulging every shoe in the store, one of the clerks suggested chopping off Sally's toes. That however, struck a chord in Bee's mind. "Why not cut the toe off'n the shoes then Sally can get the rest of her feet into them and they'll look jest like some Ah've seen in the catalogue at home."

That solved the problem. Sally got her shoes, the clerks made a sale and everybody was happy except one down-cast individual Sally and Bee met at the door as they were leaving the store. Bee, being an ever kindly soul, approached the poor man and said, "What's the matter, pardnuh, you sick or somethin'?"

"No, I ain't sick. It's just that my dear friend hasn't showed up yet, You see I sold him the Marine Building that's that big building you see sticking up over there, and he was supposed to meet me here at ten o'clock this morning. Here it is, half past two. I'm afraid he's not coming now. I needed the money badly to go visit my poor grandmother who is sick, and if I can't sell the Marine Building, then I can't go. All I want for it is fifty dollars."

That was that. The girls bought the Marine Building, then got lost trying to find it.

All in all, they had a wonderful time buying everything that struck their fancy. They arrived home at last, laden with a strange assortment of doo-dads.

Bee bought what the fellow said was a bathroom suite. It consisted of a nice little white bowl that hung on the wall where you washed your hands. Then there was a great big long white thing like a hog-trough where you could wash all over at once, and over in the corner was another white bowl which set on the floor. You could use this for washing one foot at a time then all you had to do was twist a little handle and the water changed so you could wash the other foot. This bowl had two wooden covers, though I couldn't see the sense in using them on top of that bowl so Bee uses one of them for a pastry board and we framed Grampaw's picture in the other.

So the girls' trip to the city turned out quite profitably in some ways and was a great source of experience in others. They had many adventures, too numerous to mention all at once, and Sally and Bee derived a great deal of pleasure from their sojourn. Everything turned out well except that Don and I have to keep going further afield in our quest for those wild cattle that frequent the plains of Cariboo in ever-lessening numbers.

"Notice how perfectly he holds that jack-knife!"

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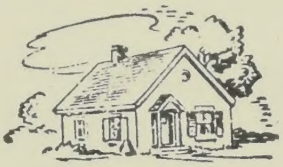

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